

SCREENLAND

JULY, 1925

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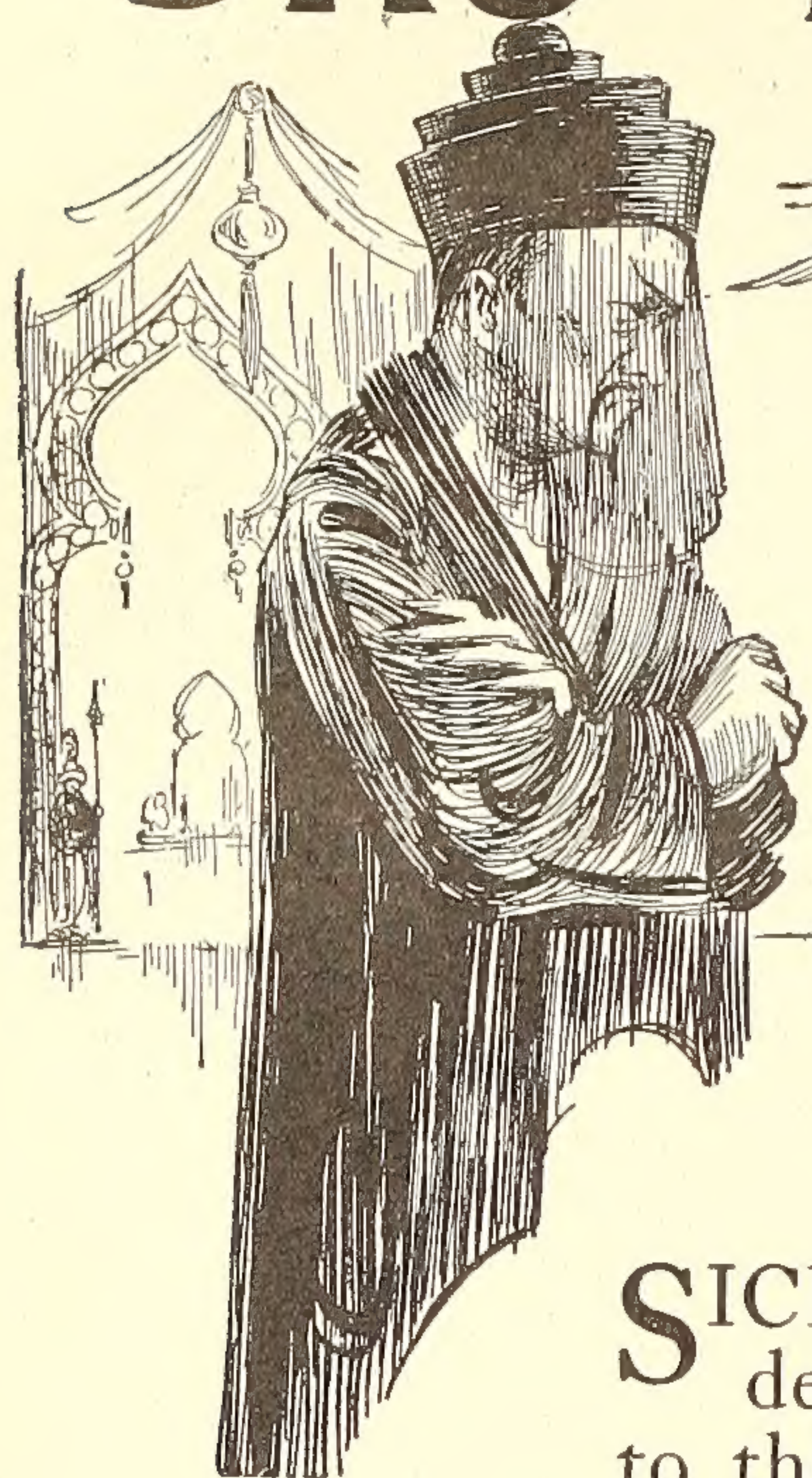


ESTHER RALSTON, Allisoncolor by Nickolas Muray



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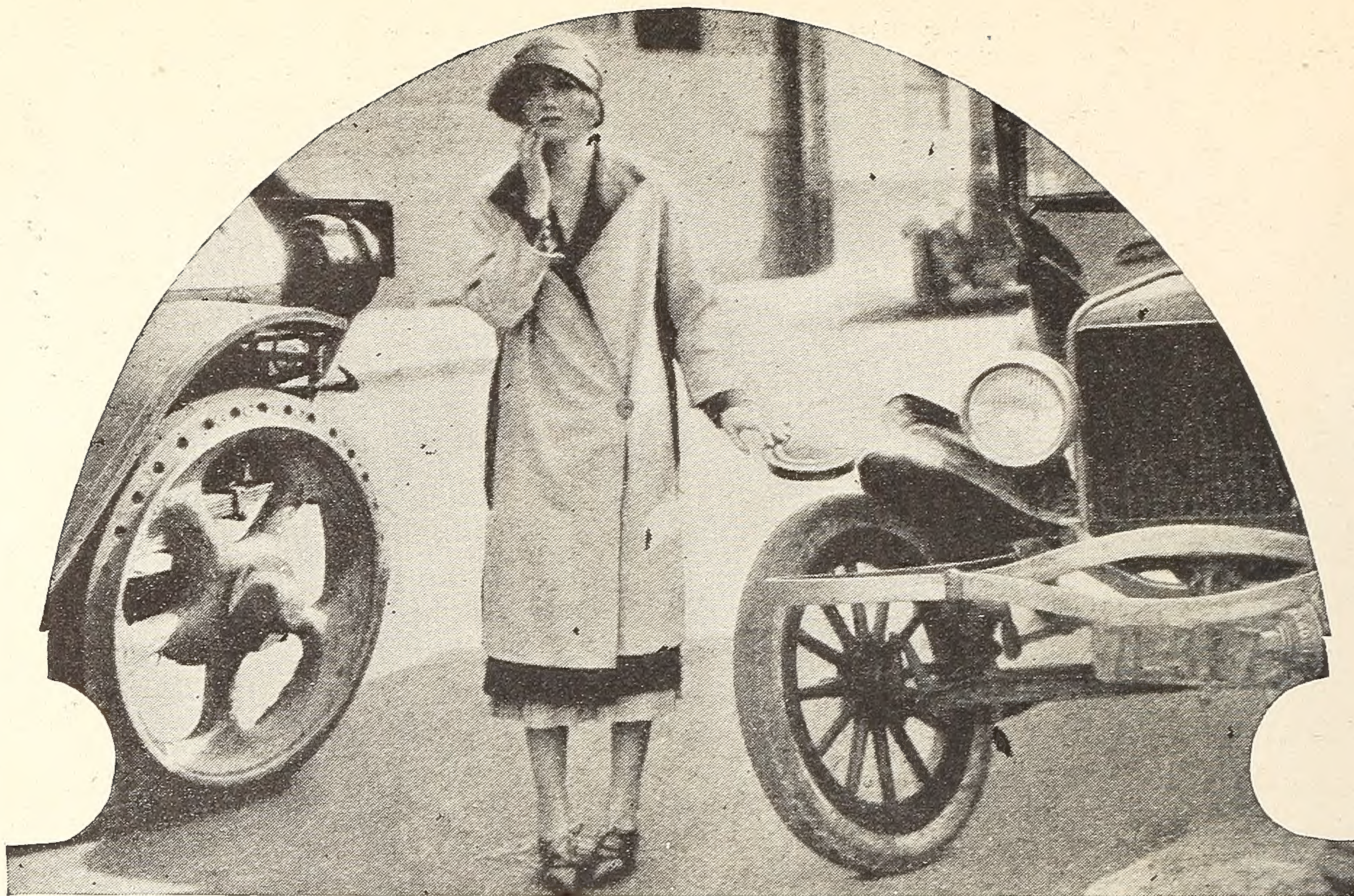
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Esther Ralston, the girl on the cover, finds it is better to get out and lead her flivver in traffic.

SCREENLAND

July, 1925

"The Spirit of the Movies"

VOL. XI, No. 3

Eliot Keen, Editor

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That Glint In My Hair

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Countless women ask me how I attain that wonderful glint in my hair. This is the story of it.

I have been famous as a stage beauty for some 40 years. I have written millions of words about youth and beauty. I have searched the world for the best it had to offer. Now I am offering other women—everywhere—the best helps I have found. All toilet counters supply them. And a vast army of girls and women now employ what I use.

As a result, experts who discover something new send me their productions. If I adopt them and advise them, a world of women will employ them. So I think I get the best new helps created.

Last year, some famous experts submitted to me a new type of shampoo. They had studied shampoos for 50 years or over. They had made about 250 kinds of shampoo, perfecting it step by step.

They called this their final creation. They said it embodied 20 ingredients, all designed to help the hair. And two of them gave a glint to the hair.

I tried the shampoo, and the glistening hair I show today is one of the results. I asked other women to try it—hundreds of them. And there came to me an overwhelming demand for more. It is, beyond doubt, the greatest shampoo in existence.

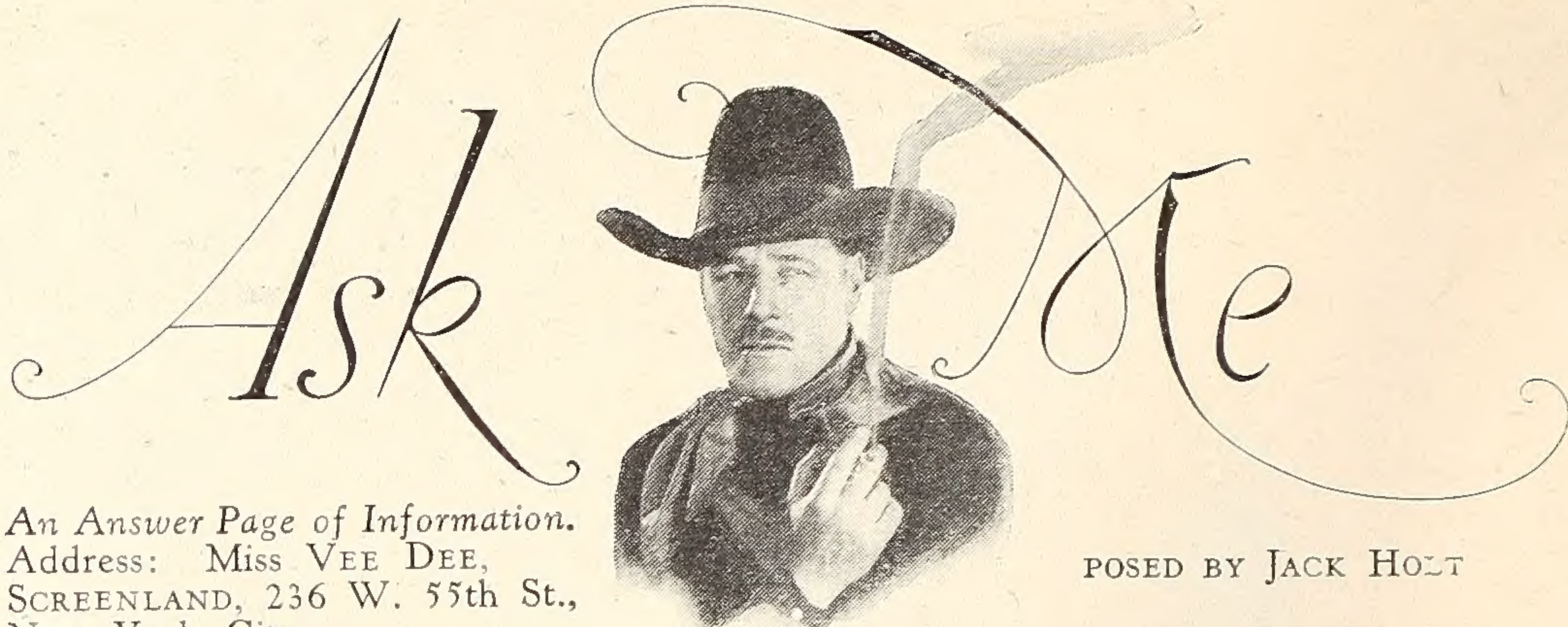
Now I have employed the creators to make it for you. It is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Fruity Shampoo. All druggists and toilet counters supply it. And I hope it is going to bring to millions the lustrous hair I show.

I send a sample to anyone who asks, enough for one shampoo. It will amaze and delight you, as it did me. You have never dreamed that anything could do what my Fruity Shampoo does for hair.

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An Answer Page of Information.
Address: Miss VEE DEE,
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New York City.

POSED BY JACK HOLT

A. L. I. Yea, Constance Bennett danced for a short time at one of the New York clubs. Her sister Barbara has never been in the movies. Barbara is at present in Paris with Maurice, whose dancing partner she is. Leonora Hughes, it is said, has given up professional life. Irene Castle is now the wife of Major McLaughlin and the mother of a little Irene. Rather crazy about dancers, eh?

Miss N. F. R. While Pauline Frederick's latest release is "Smouldering Fires," Pauline is personally showing the folk in the land of the leaping kangaroos, in other words Australia, just how to act these days. June Elvidge—remember her?—is also a member of this company.

Roy F. Louise Fazenda was born in Lafayette, Ind., in 1895; so work it out yourself, Roy. She commenced her stage career in stock, then to Universal, Keystone and Sennett comedies. She is five feet five and weighs around 128. Light hair and hazel eyes. Alice Terry was born in Nashville, Texas, and has looked at calendars for twenty-eight years. Her hair is actually Titian, not blond; that's a wig she wears. Gray eyes and weighs 115.

Jane Ellen (Mass.). James Kirkwood's first wife was Gertrude Robinson; his second is Lila Lee. They have a James, Jr., nowadays. June Marlowe was Ann in "The Man Without a Conscience."

Mary M. (Baltimore). No set rule governs the buying of personal photographs. If the company for whom the artiste works desires special poses, the company pays for them: if the star wants them, the star pays, and this being the case nearly all the time, photographs cut a large hole in the pay-envelope.

Norman Esteve. Charles Hutchinson is now directing pictures instead of acting. His wife, who is Edith Thornton on the cast-title, and whom he met in England two years ago, plays lead. Here's wishing the family luck.

M. E. B. Horoscope letters should be addressed to Miss Jane Carleton, care of SCREENLAND, 236 W. 55th Street, New York City.

Armando Fernandez. If you tell me exactly what studios and what stars' addresses you want, I'll do my best to oblige. But remember I'm a hard-working woman and not a directory, so don't ask for too many all at once. Dribble them in.

Duane Thompson Admirer. Duane is an American girl—straight from Iowa, where the corn grows higher than her five feet three and some pumpkins weigh more than her one hundred and fifteen pounds. "Some Pumpkins"—why, that's the name of her

next picture with Charles Ray. She has played in Christie Comedies, too.

T. J. W. (San Pedro). Harold Lloyd can be reached at the Roach Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Herbert Rawlinson is with Associated Exhibitors, 36 West 45th Street, N. Y. C. Tom Terriss has mail sent to Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Astoria, L. I. William S. Hart hasn't made a picture for some time, but he is getting ready to pull his guns for United Artists, Hollywood.

Mildred Marks (Oakland). Address Mary Philbin at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Watch for the fair Mary in "Phantom of the Opera."

A Tearle Fan. Glad to hear from you again. Conway was born July 10th, 1880, right here in New York. He commenced his stage career with Sir Charles Wyndham and later played with such well-known players as Ellen Terry, Billie Burke, Ethel Barrymore, Viola Allen, and in stock with Grace George.

Everitt M. Don't tell me you intend sending birthday gifts to all the players you mention! Baby Peggy was born October 26th and is just seven. Mae Murray is about thirty-eight. Monte Blue has a birthday July 11th and was born in 1890. Other dates are: Ronald Colman, February 9, 1891; Reginald Denny, November 21, 1895; Carol Dempster, January 16, 1902; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., December 9, 1910. Dorothy and Lillian Gish are twenty-six and twenty-eight respectively.

Sonny. Claire Adams, a Canadian, and on the stage before entering the movies, recently signed a contract with William De Mille for Famous Players-Lasky. Judging by the number of questions I get about Claire, she's forming an army of friends.

Len G. Victor Potel is with Rin-Tin-Tin in that li'l lap-dog's next, "Below the Line." Harry Myers is now working in "Grounds for Divorce," a Paramount production. Yes, I'd like to see Myers in another "Connecticut Yankee," but first find another Mark Twain.

Rob Roy. Understand May Allison and Robert Ellis are divorced. May is with First National. Olive Borden has a small part in "The Happy Warrior," a Vitagraph picture starring Alice Calhoun. So look out for her. Another starlet on the rise.

F. R. O. Natalie Kingston and Madeline Hurlock are both with Pathé. Madeline has been throwing her hair around lately; how many girls could do that nowadays? She is having her portrait painted but, after several sittings in New York, was obliged to return to Hollywood before its completion. The portrait had to be finished from memory. The painter forgot the exact

shade of Madeline's hair, so she sent a tress by air mail. Wonder what we boyish-bobbed women would have done. A couple of girls I know could have sent the right shade in a bottle. "Puss! Puss!"

Skeezix (H. B. T. M.). Address Lloyd Hughes care First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y.; Jacqueline Logan, F. B. O. Studios, Melrose and Gower Streets, Hollywood; Douglas MacLean, Associated Exhibitors, Hollywood; Lois Wilson, Famous Players-Lasky, Vine Street, Hollywood; and Patsy Ruth Miller, Warner Bros., Hollywood. So you want a description of your favorites. Gosh! Well, Lloyd Hughes is six feet, weighs 150, has dark hair, greenish-gray eyes, and altogether is a very handsome leading man. Jacqueline Logan has auburn hair, grey eyes, is five feet four and weighs 120. Douglas MacLean is a brown-eyed, brown-haired lad from Philadelphia. He weighs 145 and is five feet ten. Lois Wilson has brown hair and hazel eyes, weighs 120 and is five feet five and a half. Patsy Ruth Miller is a jolly-looking girl with brown hair and eyes, and a slight little figure which doesn't require dieting to keep it so. You adore Lloyd Hughes and Jacqueline Logan. You've picked two winners, haven't you? Twenty-five cents is the usual sum sent to cover cost of posting photos.

Emma. Mary MacLaren is married, you know, to an English army man. She is living in India, at present, I believe.

Dory (N. J.) February 6, 1901, is Ben Lyon's birthday and you can reach him at the First National Offices, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. Ronald Colman, with United Artists, Hollywood, Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix at Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, L. I., and Marie Prevost at the Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Ben Lyon is now working on "Winds of Chance" and "The Pace That Kills" will follow.

S. D. D. You're so crazy about Harold Lloyd that you want to know exactly what his wife, Mildred Davis, looks like. Far be it from me to prolong the agony. Mildred is five feet, has blond hair and blue eyes, and at the present time rather overlooks the question of calories. So she's somewhat plumper than she should be. A great favorite in the Hollywood film world, invitations to her luncheons and recherche dinners are much coveted.

Desiree. Wrong this time. Seena Owen was Mrs. George Walsh, so Miriam Cooper, who is Mrs. Raoul Walsh, was her sister-in-law. Seena's very own sister is Lillie Hayward, a clever scenario writer for Cosmopolitan.

Margaret R. I liked the photo of George Carpentier. He always was a favorite of mine. Ralph Graves, born in Cleveland, Ohio, started his screen career with the old Essanay Company. He is six feet one, weighs 170, and has brown hair and blue eyes. His address is the L. A. A. Club, Los Angeles.

Avon. I think Texas Guinan is making too much as a cabaret hostess to return to the screen permanently. Texas' salary is \$1,000 per week, and only recently she had an offer of \$6,000 to take her El Fey Club entertainers into vaudeville. She is to appear in one film with her Elfey Girls, and, as Texas puts it, "she gets \$1,000 a day and eats." And very nice, too!

Mat G. Constance Talmadge's next picture will be "Because I Love You." Connie's a connoisseur they say!



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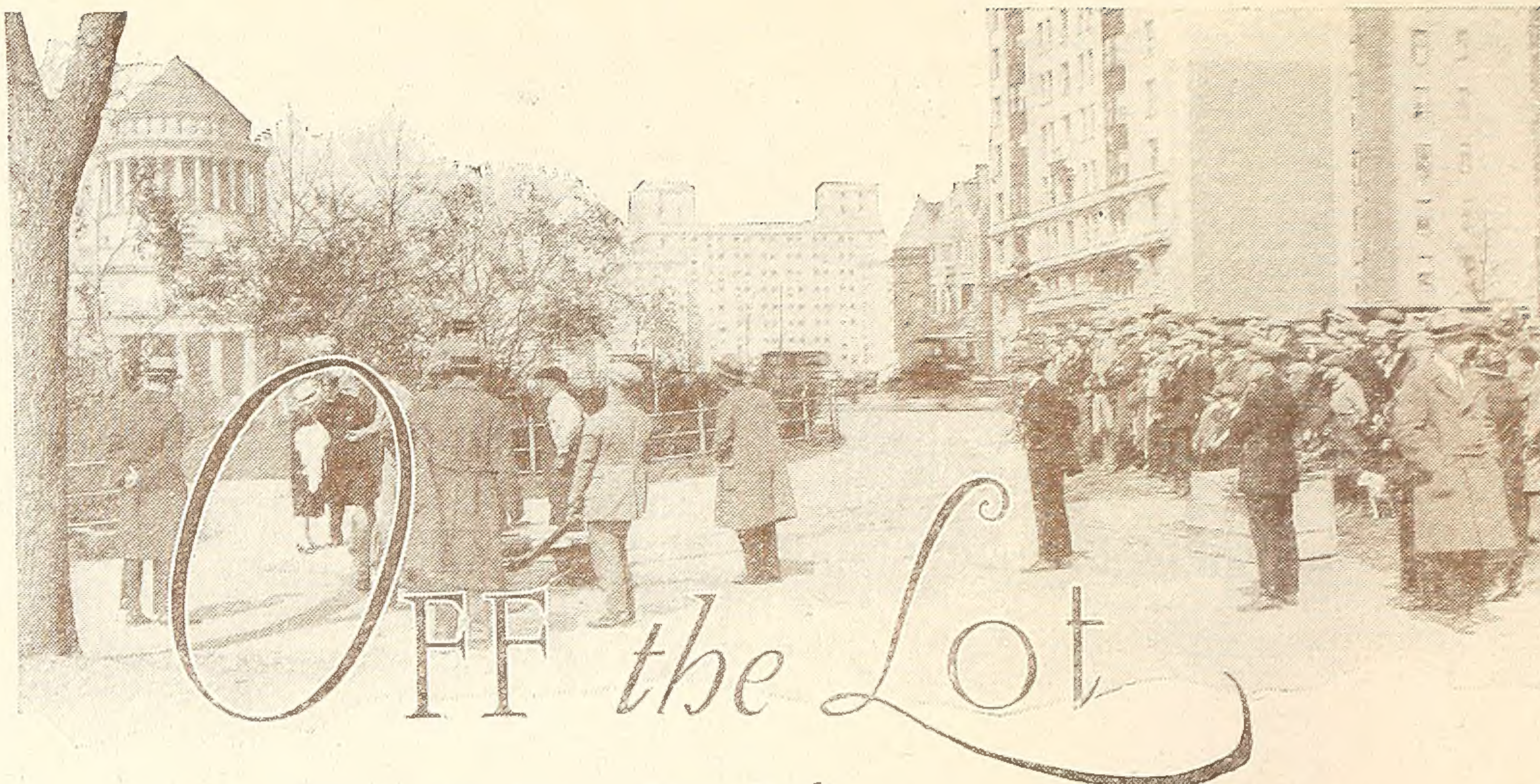
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THICK ANKLES SPOIL YOUR APPEARANCE



Q Riverside Drive, New York, is what makes a "Wild Wild Girl"—ask Bebe Daniels.

HAROLD LLOYD and Mildred Davis came to town on a vacation. Although they call each other "Pa" and "Ma" just for fun, and because they're so proud of being the parents of Baby Gloria, they look younger than they ever did. Mildred, slim once more, looks like a kid. Harold is a proud husband, and Mildred's jewels testify to the delight he takes in pleasing her. But Mildred as Mrs. Harold Lloyd is no different from the little girl she used to be before her comedy romances turned into a real one. She went to Philadelphia during their eastern sojourn and met again the first teacher she ever had in grade-school, and was thrilled about it. Before the Lloyds left for home and Baby, they went to Washington, presumably to shake the President's hand.

The last Lloyd comedy for Pathe, before he begins his Famous Players-Lasky contract, is said to be his best. It's a college story and will be released as soon as a suitable title can be found.

* * *

BECAUSE Joe Schenck bought the screen rights to *Kiki* for his wife, Norma Talmadge, a break was precipitated between Lenore Ulric, the stage *Kiki*, and her manager, David Belasco. Lenore wanted to play in the film version; Belasco had other plans. So Miss Ulric is on her own now and may soon appear in pictures. Norma's *Kiki* will be an event of the late fall season.

* * *

MARION DAVIES paid us a flying visit to see herself on the screen in *Zander the Great*. Marion says if you all like her in comedy rôles she'll give them to you. If *Zander* is a success, she will act accordingly. Speak up, now.

* * *

COLLEEN MOORE and her husband, John McCormick, First National official, have sailed for Europe, to be gone three months. While they're away, their company will decide upon future plans for Miss Moore. Other producers are angling for her services but it is generally believed she will stay with the company which first starred her. Before the McCormicks left, Colleen was the guest of honor at several feminine functions. "Cat parties," they're

called. They originated in Hollywood, but when the starettes were transplanted to New York they brought the idea along. Mildred Lloyd was also included among those present.

* * *

MARY HAY and Dick Barthelmess have come to the parting of the ways. After several months of rumors and denial of separation, the famous pair have at last admitted that they will agree to disagree. There will be no divorce, simply a separation.

The break was brought about, it is said by those who should know, by Barthelmess' opposition to his wife's career as a dancer. He preferred that she should retire into private life. Mary thought differently. She has had great success the past few months as the dancing partner of Clifton Webb, in big-time vaudeville and at Ciro's, the smart supper-club. Recently the Webb-Hay team received a flattering offer to dance abroad, in the English music-halls and also at a fashionable club. They accepted, and will sail very soon. Meanwhile Richard must continue his screen work, which keeps him in New York; and thus a charming romance goes on the rocks. Baby Mary, their little two-year-old daughter, will remain with her father for the present; when Miss Hay returns from Europe, little Mary will spend six months with her. The child's time will be divided between her parents.

The Barthelmess separation seems a little sad, when one thinks over their romance. They were married June 18, 1920, at the Church of the Heavenly Rest on Fifth Avenue, when both were working in Griffith's *Way Down East*. Strangely enough, this little church was torn down about the same time that the Barthelmess union was shattered. Dick fell in love with little Mary, daughter of Colonel Frank Merrill Caldwell of the U. S. Army, when she was attracting attention as a piquant dancer for Ziegfeld. Their marriage was always pointed out with pride to the scoffers at domestic bliss among movie folk. It's too bad.

* * *

DOROTHY GISH has already been signed to play opposite Dick Barthelmess in his next picture to follow *Shore Leave*. It is expected that Inspiration will star her soon after.

MAE MARSH has left us to make another feature abroad. She sailed with her mother and her daughter Mary.

* * *

ANOTHER one of those motion picture fairy-tales is now being told.

Cinderella, this time, is little Lois Moran, only sixteen, blonde and blue-eyed, slim and wistfully charming. Sam Goldwyn met her and her mother in Paris on his last trip. Lois had been dancing in the opera ballet and had also made appearances for a French film company. Mr. Goldwyn advised Mrs. Moran to bring the girl to America. They came; they met Henry King, one of Goldwyn's directors, and after a screen test, "they" got the job! Which means that little Lois Moran will play a principal rôle in *Stella Dallas* under King's direction; and has also signed a long-term contract for future Goldwyns.

* * *

By the time you read this, Lillian Gish will probably be in California making her first picture under her new contract for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It will be, according to last report, *Annie Laurie*. Lillian, before she left, was heard to remark that she wasn't engaged to be married to George Jean Nathan or to anybody else; that for the next two years work and nothing but would occupy her mind. She will make six screenplays in two years.

Before she left for the coast, she was present at the opening of Fiske O'Hara in *The Great Mogul* and applauded enthusiastically. She was thinking that years ago there was a little golden-haired child in a kid part in the same show with the same star and an even littler child in another baby rôle. The two little girls were Lillian and Dorothy Gish.

* * *

GLORIA has gone to the coast to make *The Coast of Folly*.

The whole world has heard of the exciting opening of *Madame Sans Gene* at the Rivoli in New York, where Gloria and her Marquis trod a path of real roses to reach their box. She will have a hard time duplicating this triumph. But as the film world remarks these days, "What will Gloria do next?"

* * *

WHILE Gloria is working in the west, it seemed to be a good time to let Pola Negri make a picture in New York. The continental star returned from Europe and had a lot of fuss with the customs officials because she failed to declare a small fortune in gems. Pola pleaded that she had forgotten she'd become an American citizen! She remembers it now and says she's glad to be back home.

* * *

RECENT arrivals listed in Father Knickerbocker's register are Mary Astor, who,

having finished her leading lady rôle opposite Doug in *Don Q, Son of Zorro*, will play in *The Scarlet Saint* for First National at the Bronx studio; and Hobart Bosworth, here to appear with Doris Kenyon in *The Half-way Girl* for the same company.

Corinne Griffith deserves, and usually gets, a special paragraph to her beautiful self. Corinne came east to film the exteriors for her next picture, *Classified*, from Edna Ferber's story. When I saw her at her hotel she was completely surrounded by friends, her husband, and flowers. Wish she worked here all the time, but California doesn't.

* * *

YOU'D never believe it of Lila Lee, devoted wife and mother of James and Jim Junior; but she has gone on the stage in a very frisky little farce from the French, called *The Bride Retires*.

* * *

DO you recall Louise Glaum, who used to be labelled the leopard woman for her vampish ability on the screen? Well, Louise has reformed her shadow to such an extent that she declares herself ready and willing to play nice, quiet girls. Her latest appearance is in *Fifty-Fifty*. How does it happen, anyway, that it's always the charming, refined young women who play the bold, bad ones?

* * *

EUROPE'S gain is New York's loss, as they say. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dempsey have sailed for Berlin, where Jack will add to his income by performing to the tune of three thousand a week or so before German audiences. According to report, Estelle Taylor Dempsey has made up the champion's mind that he will retire without fighting another battle. They may do pictures together later on. Their last, *Manhattan Madness*, was completed before they left.

* * *

TWO square-shootin', hard-ridin' sons of the west have been, and gone, and the eastern film world proceeds more calmly. Tom Mix spent only a few days in New York after his return from a triumphal tour of Europe. Bill Hart came to talk over his new contract with United Artists by which he will make two super-westerns every year; but he spent lots of time backstage at Ziegfeld's Follies. What? Oh, no—he went back to see his old friend, Will Rogers.

* * *

ALL the friends that Alma Rubens and her handsome and genial ma can boast in New York are wiring congratulations to the star in California. No; she hasn't decided to wed Ricardo Cortez. But she and Mrs. Rubens have been notified that they are heirs to an estate of over one million dollars! Added to Alma's already large income, this should enable them to live quite comfortably. But it won't change them a bit.

Gray Hair Unnecessary

As I Have Proved

I proved it many years ago by renewing the original color in my own prematurely gray hair with the Restorer I now offer you. This time-tested preparation never fails, as hundreds of thousands of gray haired people have learned.

There is not space in this advertisement to tell my story. Send for Free Trial bottle and learn all.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No interference with shampooing. Nothing to wash or rub off. Application easy, renewed color perfect, in any light.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for special patented Free Trial outfit and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock. Indicate color of hair by X. If possible, enclose lock of your hair in your letter.



Trial Bottle Absolutely FREE

Please print your name and address—
MARY T. GOLDMAN
 516-K Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
 Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black....dark brown....medium brown....auburn (dark red)....light brown....light auburn (light red)....blonde....

Name.....
 Street.....City.....

FRECKLES

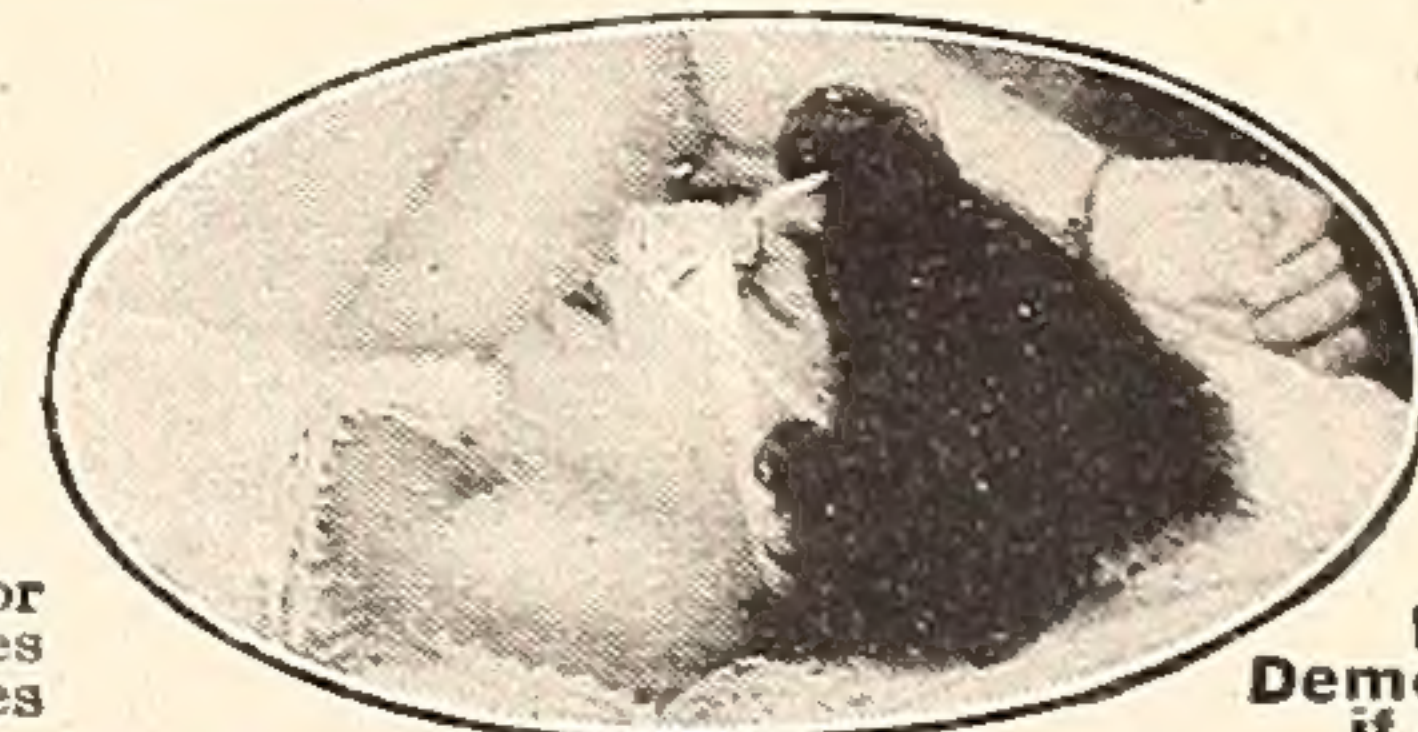
Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any drug or department store and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.



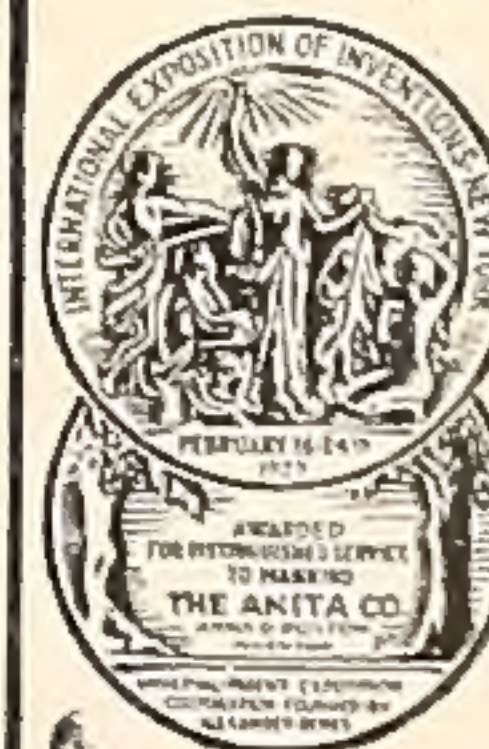
Sizes for all types of noses

FREE Demonstration if desired

ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER

The GENUINE (Patented)

Shapes while you sleep. Rapid, painless and safe. The ANITA is a GENUINE and most COMFORTABLE NASAL SUPPORTER, absolutely GUARANTEED. Highly recommended by physicians. Write for FREE Booklet, "Nature's Way to Happiness."



Gold Medal Winner Feb. '23

The ANITA Co.
 Dept. 769 Anita Building,
 655 High St., Newark, N. J.



Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home. We teach Beauty Culture.

Send today 3 stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. MAHLER CO., 37-B Mahler Park, Providence, R.I.



FREE: 10 DAY TRIAL!
Send no money.
Simply clip coupon below.

*Now
marcel your hair
beautifully*

—in 5 minutes—at home!

**An alluring wave guaranteed, bobbed or unbobbed
And the cost is but half-a-penny!
Coupon offers free 10-day trial**

THE loveliness of softly waved hair—chic, alluring!—may always be yours, now. No more times, between waves, when the curl has gone—when hair is not as pretty as it might be—when it is hard to arrange.

For now you can do as thousands of other attractive girls and women do—whether your hair is bobbed or long. Every day, if you wish, have a fresh marcel. Right at home—in five minutes! And the cost is actually about half a cent. It is a new method, approved by hair specialists.

The coupon below offers you an oppor-

tunity to try it, without cost, for 10 days. Send no money—simply clip the coupon.

An exquisite wave

This new way to keep your hair beautifully dressed was perfected to do two things: First, to give you a really professional wave in a very few minutes at home; and second, to reduce the cost.

You use the YVETTE Marcel Waver to do it. Specially designed to impart an exquisitely soft, but very distinct wave.

Simply attach it to an ordinary electric light socket, as you would an old-style "curling iron." But the YVETTE does what no "curling iron" could ever do.

First of all, it uses less heat. So cannot possibly burn or injure the life and lustre of your hair in any way. And this heat is applied by a new principle, to **all** parts of **all** hair.

So it does not matter whether your hair is dry and brittle, or whether it is very oily. The YVETTE Marcel Waver gives a perfectly charming wave to **any** hair. Not a round curl, but a **real, professional-looking** Marcel wave!

In five minutes your hair is beautifully waved. How nice to have this help, for instance, when going to the theater some evening—with little time to get ready. What a comfort not having to bother with hair-dressers' appointments and waiting!

Buy several \$20 hats with what it saves!

In twelve months The YVETTE Marcel Waver will actually save you from \$40 to \$50 over and above its slight cost! And it will last for a lifetime. We guarantee it against defective workmanship or material, you know. Remember, too, that you take no risk at all in testing it for ten days.

Then, too, it saves you a great deal of money! More than ten times enough to pay for itself, in twelve months. The cost for electric current, each time you use it, is less than **half of a penny**.

A remarkable offer

This unusual, new waver will delight you as it has thousands of others. It was originally made to sell at \$10—which is really a low price, when you consider the time and money to be saved. But we have determined to **reduce** the price—and, by selling still greater numbers, have just as large a business as ever. So we make this amazingly generous offer.

Simply clip, fill in and mail the coupon below. Don't send any money, unless you particularly wish to. We will immediately send you a YVETTE Waver. When the postman delivers it to your door, give him \$4.97, plus a few pennies postage, the new, reduced price. But—note this:

Keep and use the Waver for ten days. Test it in any way you see fit. Then, if you are not entirely and completely delighted with what it does for your hair, with the saving in time and money, just send it back to us. Immediately, and without the slightest questioning, we will mail back your \$4.97. Isn't that fair?

Just think what a pleasure it's going to be, having your hair freshly and beautifully waved **all** the time! And with enough money saved to pay for several very lovely hats, a new suit, or frock! Clip your coupon now. Mail it today, sure.

Send No Money—10 Days' Trial

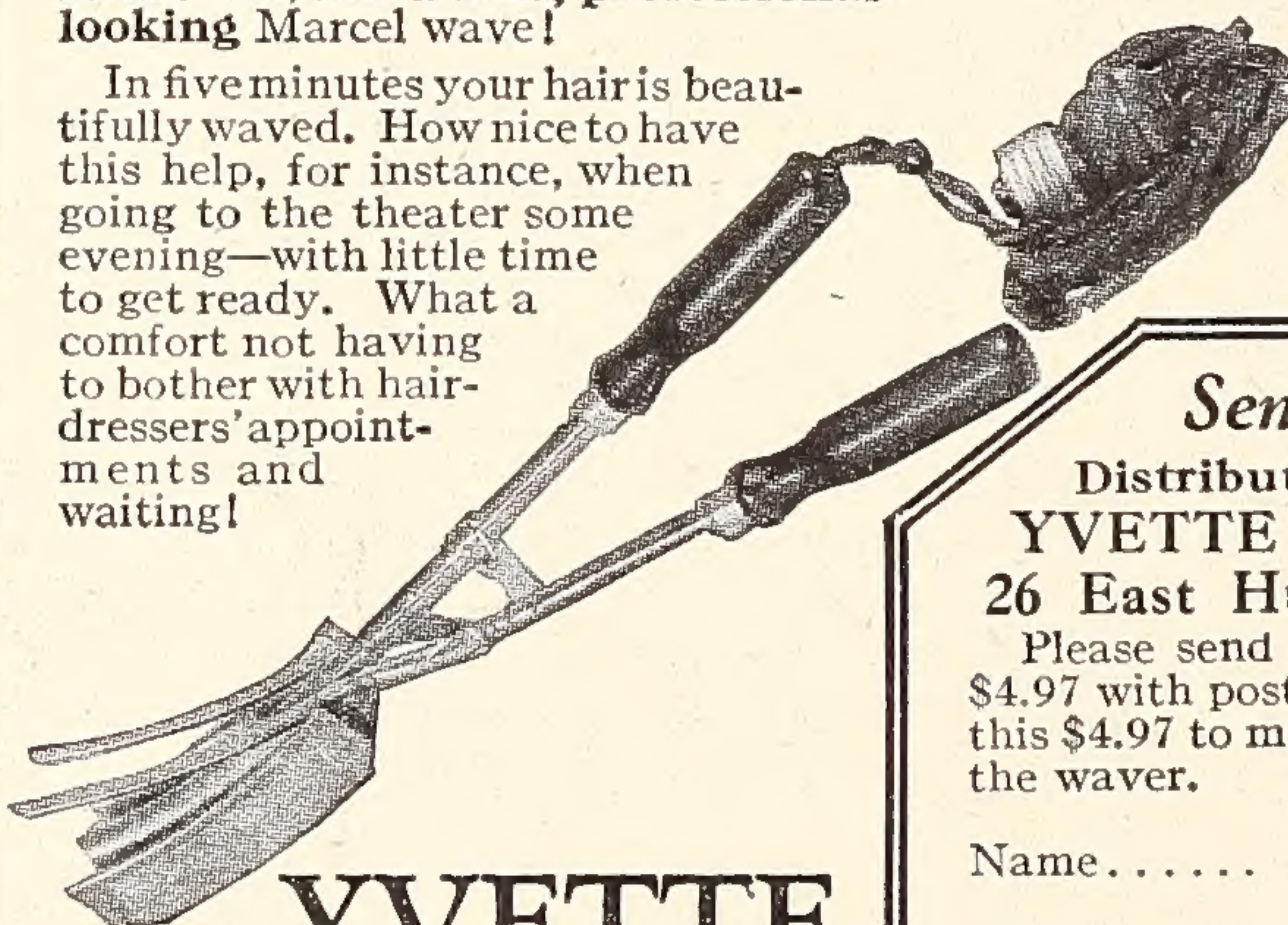
Distributing Division,
YVETTE et Cie., Dept. 23
26 East Huron St., Chicago.

Please send YVETTE Marcel Waver. I will deposit \$4.97 with postman when he brings it. You are to return this \$4.97 to me if, after 10-day trial, I do not care to keep the waver.

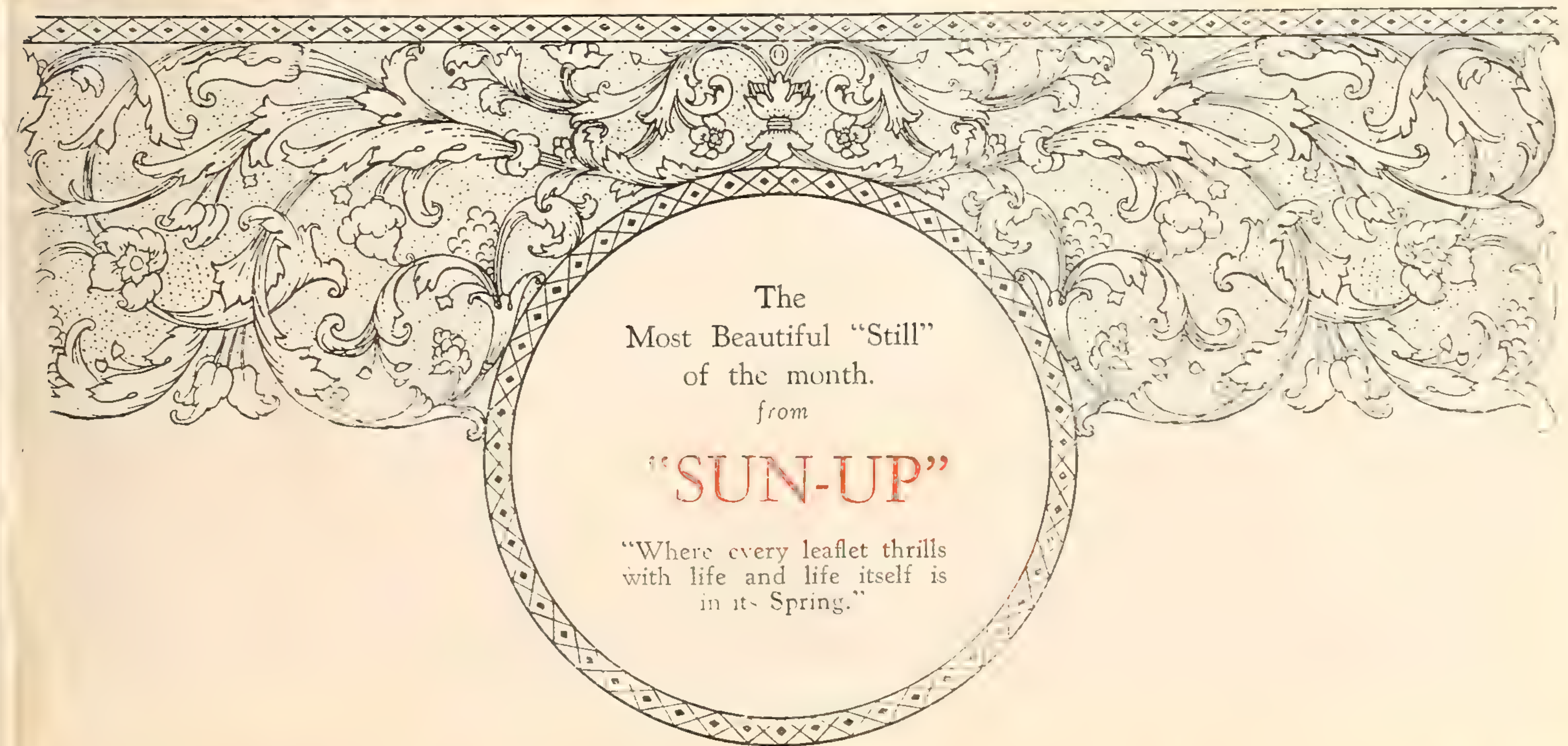
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City..... State.....



**YVETTE
MARCEL WAVER**
pronounced EE-VET'



The
Most Beautiful "Still"
of the month.
from

"SUN-UP"

"Where every leaflet thrills
with life and life itself is
in it- Spring."



Evelyn Pierce
Photography by Irving Berlin





Q Filming "The Little French Girl," in which Mary Brian first played a lead part. Can you see Old Man Opportunity snooping around? Mary found him and her future right here.

HOLLYWOOD

*The City Where Every Day
Brings Success to Someone.*

Q Norman Kerry is the owner of two of the most vicious police dogs in Hollywood—and here they are!

Q Ben Lyon and Viola Dana in their leading rôles in "The Necessary Evil." George Archainbaud, director, and George Folsey, cameraman, look on. The simplicity of sincerity marks them as artists.



SCREENLAND'S EDITORIAL COMMENT

Corinne Griffith Introduced Us

NOW "came dawn" of vacation time. The dust gathers on the old work bench and typewriter and on our usual seat in the movies while we are off and away to other horizons where everything is different—everything but the passion for pictures. And when you reach the rural haven or the restless edge of the sea you will find new faces and stranger folk—we did.

There was the pretty miss at the grocery store, for example. Corinne Griffith served as a common enthusiasm, and before we had spoken of Jackie Coogan, of Gloria Swanson, and of the recent films, we were friends. . . . Try it. . . . You will find that your movie stars will introduce you anywhere you may be—and to the friendliest people in the world.

: : : :

THE report comes that now not one motion picture is being made in Great Britain—that all their films are made in America. Before you cheer your head off with patriotic pride wait until you see "The Gold Rush." Charlie is ours, but he is from England—and he represents about one-half of all the talent in pictures.

: : : :

THOMAS MEIGHAN'S new film has reached most of you by now, and "Old Home Week" has reached down into you and stirred a part of you which is responsive only to sentiment. The stern critics have frowned upon Tommy many times, but his success daily grows greater, and his following increases. His work is to add to the screen broad kingdoms of homely and wholesome sentiment.

There was, years ago, an opening of government land in the Southwest, and one would-be settler met with an injury before the Rush started and lay temporarily helpless at the starting line. The cannon roared and horses and "schooners" raced into the unsettled region. This one injured homesteader could not go, and soon was left alone. He reached for a stake, rolled across the line, and thrust it into the very valuable land nearest the settled community. That was his claim. Tommy is like that. He lets others go far afield—he stakes his claim right in our home love and in our hearts.

The SOUTH SEA

Colored Folks from *New York City*

¶ Have you ever longed to view the languorous dusky maidens in their native villages? Just drop off at 125th Street on the subway.



¶ The abandon and grace of the ladies of the cannibal isles comes from eating at the automat.

THE plaintive strains of "Aloha Oe" filled the air. A violin sobbed the haunting melody. Up on a silver screen was a scene of moonlit beauty and romance. Fragrant tropical night — swaying palms — silver-tipped waves caressing the white sandy beach; and silhouetted against the sky, in the path of the moonlight, graceful figures moving to the measures of a native dance.

Stalwart men, their burnished bodies bending; girls in grass skirts and strings of beads, and not much else,

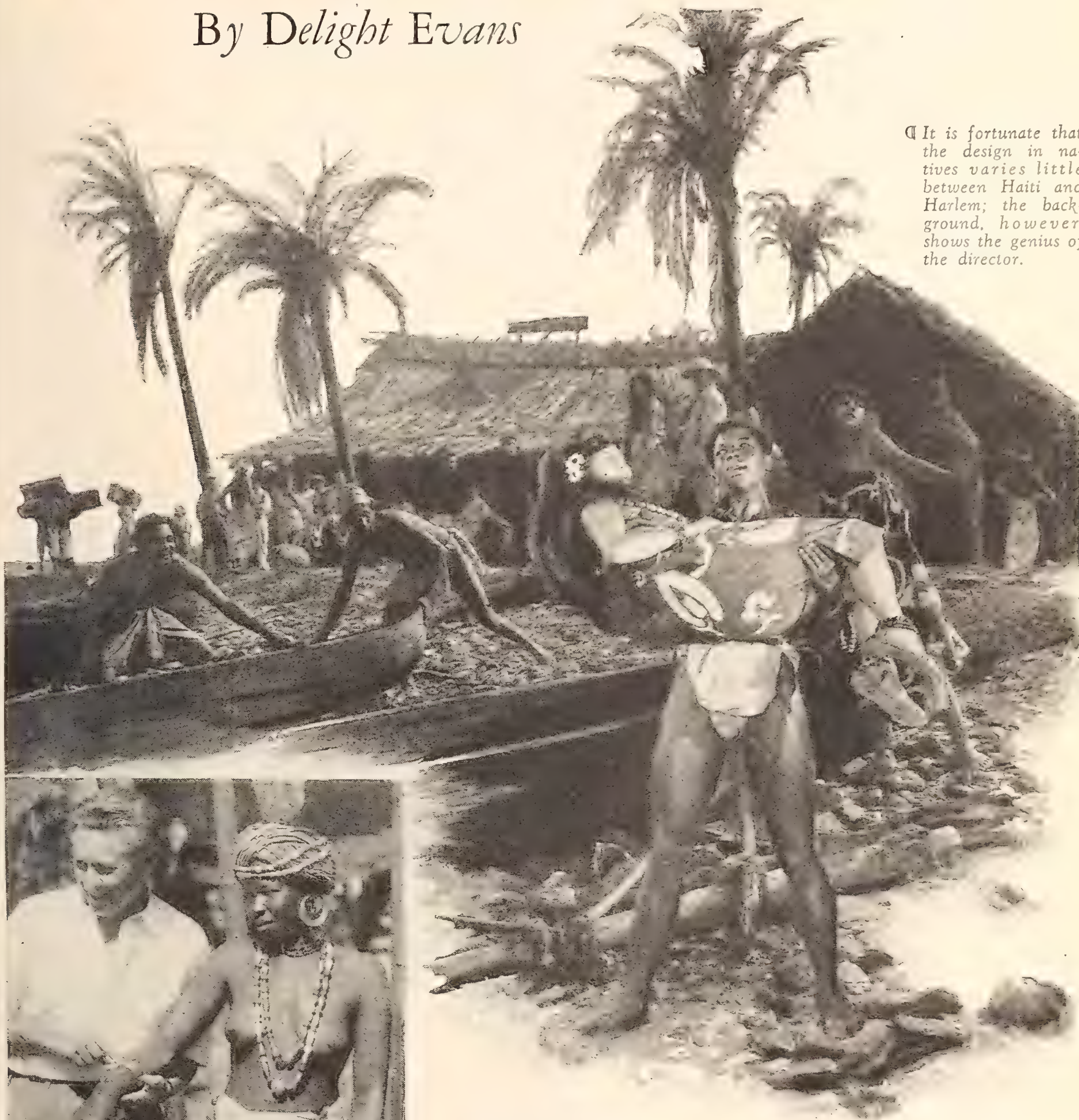
undulating in perfect rhythm. A beach in the South Seas caught by a camera from California. Dusky natives inspired by other voices than a movie director. Here was the real thing! No Hollywood lot tricked up with a property moon, with industrious extras striving to put over the false glamor. *Real!*

As the final note of "Farewell to thee" was wafted from orchestra to audience, and the last scene faded out with two lovers embracing against the sky, an excited voice rose uncontrollably with the lights.

ISLANDERS *are Mostly*

By Delight Evans

Q It is fortunate that the design in natives varies little between Haiti and Harlem; the background, however, shows the genius of the director.



Q Fred Niblo for the filming of "Ben Hur" secures real African natives

Q "As Man Desires" had a thrilling scene of the primitive. Rastus developed his technique as a Red Cap at the Grand Central Station.

"Lawdy, Lillybelle, you sure screen grand, and I don't mean maybe!"

The speaker was that slender gentleman on the aisle. As the lights went up, details of his ensemble were apparent. His checked suit was, obviously, the very latest

example of an inspired tailor's art. His purple tie was in pleasing contrast to his pale yellow shirt, and the magnificent diamond horseshoe sparkled. It could be seen that he was a gentleman of consequence. At any rate, his opinion carried weight. For at his words, his companion wriggled negatively in ecstasy.

Her swain protested. "You only been working at that studio three months and

(Continued on page 93)

LOVE WILL NOT WAIT!

By Theodocia Pearce



Movie
girls must make
their choice.

FOR three weeks now Alice Ralston, the motion picture star, known in private life as Mrs. Gilbert Wheeler, had not laid eyes upon her husband. The worst three weeks she had ever lived through! She did not intend to go through another three like them, either. It was this decision, made only the night before, which caused her to hum a little tune to herself in her dressing room, as she made ready for her work of the day. With deft fingers she applied her make-up, and from time to time she smiled to herself in the glass.

For three weeks now, no one knew of the ache she carried in her heart. She would not even admit to herself that it had been an ache, so why tell the world about it? It would be a bit embarrassing to say the least, for all the studio world had considered the Wheelers to be "happily married."

"And they will be ——" Alice laughed to herself, "from now on. Thank goodness their first little quarrel isn't going to get any publicity. I'll fix that all in no time ——"

Her little maid, Nanette, hearing the soft humming, smiled and said ——

"This morning — you seem to be happy. It is a beautiful day."

"It is a beautiful day," Alice echoed her and stretched slim white arms high above her head. "A gorgeous day——

a never-to-be-forgotten day! Oh Nanette — I am going home! Think of it — I am going home!"

Nanette's dark eyes widened with surprise. And Alice, seeing her surprise, laughed from sheer delight.

"Of course you don't know anything about it," she said. "How could you — when I haven't told a soul? Nanette — you are married, aren't you?"

Nanette nodded: "Yes, Miss Ralston."

"Say——" Alice beckoned her to come nearer and whispered, "Do you ever fight — have little quarrels, I mean?"

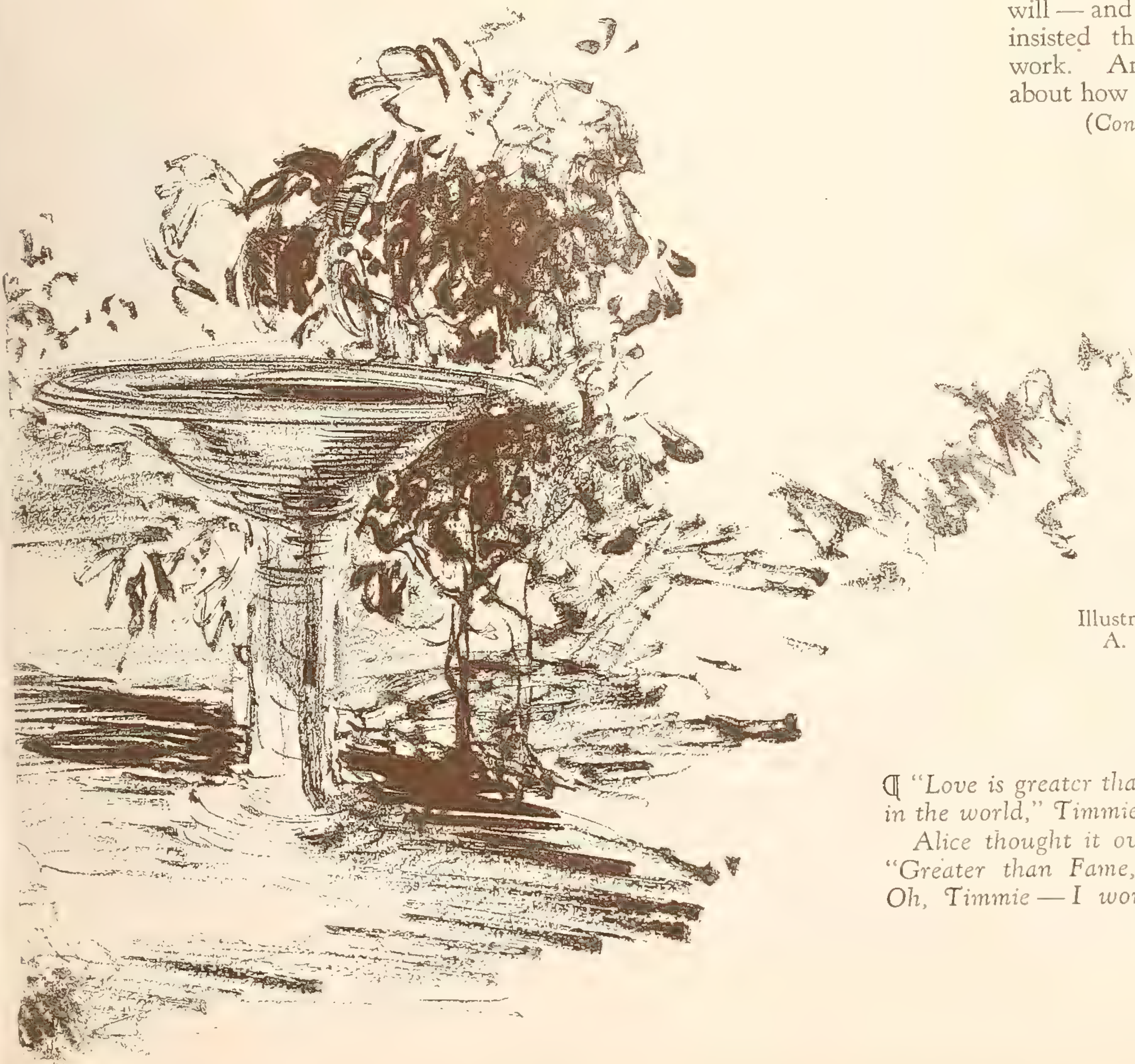
"Oh, of course ——" the little maid answered quickly enough. "We do that often."

"And then what ——?"

"Oh — we always manage to make up. That's easy." Nanette cocked her head and laughed. "Why — it's fun! I'll tell Pierre that I have been all wrong — and Pierre will tell me that he has been all wrong — and in just a jiffy — everything will be all right!"

"And that is what I am going to do." Alice closed her eyes and pictured it aloud to herself, "I am going home, right after my work is over. And I'll tip-toe in and surprise Gilbert. And then I'll put my arms about him, and snuggle down close to him, and I'll whisper in his ear — 'Gilbert — I was all wrong. I'll give up my career if you want me to. Anything to make you happy. What will you have me do, dearest?' And then Gilbert will hold me so close and he'll say to me — 'I want you to do anything you please — as long as you are happy. Only you have got to keep right on loving me, while you are doing it.' And then I'll tell him that I will — I will — and he'll forget that he insisted that I give up my work. And I'll forget all about how lonely I've been for

(Continued on page 82)



Illustrated by
A. J. TREMBATH

¶ "Love is greater than all the gold in the world," Timmie assured her.

Alice thought it over a minute. "Greater than Fame, Timmie? — Oh, Timmie — I wonder . . ."

Jeanne Lorraine



¶ Jeanne Lorraine, of Stamford, Conn., who wins the chance to play a real part upon the screen under the direction of Tom Terriss.



¶ A print from the motion picture test made of Miss Lorraine to determine her screen qualities. It was not until Mr. Terriss had seen this screen test that he selected Miss Lorraine for the part offered in the April SCREENLAND.

WHETHER it was who said that "The prettiest girls in the world are in America" was right. I, for one, certainly believe him.

Whew! Jehosophat! Gosh! And Golly! What a job we've had trying to select a winner in the Opportunity Contest!

My chief, Tom Terriss, and I have worked overtime trying to make a suitable selection. And it certainly has been a strain on what I call his Destiny Eye. While he has often chosen some one for a start in pictures, he has always chosen them from a limited number. But in this instance there were some five thousand entries.

is Selected by TOM TERRISS

*How the winner of the
Opportunity Contest was found*

By Rodney Hickok
Assistant to Tom Terriss



Q Hiawatha Jackson of Oklahoma City, Okla., is one-eighth Chickasaw Indian and seven-eighths Irish. Miss Jackson was a heavy favorite.



Q Miss Ella Landre, of Wilmette, Illinois. To Miss Landre goes the honor of being the only other contestant to be tested.



Q Tom Terriss has picked more beginners who became successful than any other director.

and this rather added to the difficulty of choosing. If there could have been a thousand winners, the job would not have been so difficult; but to choose just one from all that crowd was certainly a herculean task. You can imagine, possibly, the size of the task when I tell you that the majority of candidates were simply beautiful. As they say in the classics—they nearly all looked good to me!

Mr. Terriss, however, waded through the entire lot of photographs and letters very painstakingly. And when I say waded, waded I mean. To see him seated at his desk surrounded by the piles of letters and photographs certainly presented a picture like a suburbanite



Q Stephina Herrewyn of Albany, N. Y. One of the first five in the contest and not the fifth either.



Q Hazel Vance of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Terriss says that Miss Vance has the same slumberous, passionate, expressive eyes as Gloria Swanson.

wading through the winter's snow in an effort to get home. But Mr. Terriss finally reached home all right and chose a winner. How he made his choice may be of interest, so here goes:

His first journey through the ambitious applicants brought him out with twenty-two possibilities under his arm, and he had to go over and over these before he was able to reduce the number. But he did eventually, and had seven photographs before him, any one of which certainly looked like a winner. And he even admitted to me that it was one of the most difficult jobs

(Continued on page 80)



The Man Who Called Them

SISSY HEROES

Is Now in the Hospital

FALL off the cliff, then get up and fight the villain, and then carry the girl through that whirlpool and those rapids."

Strenuous orders? Well, they are all in the day's work of the average movie hero, and he rather expects the director to megaphone them during the filming of a picture.

Q George O'Brien defeated the light-heavy-weight champion at the Pacific Coast Naval Station.

Which all goes to prove that the young man who has ambitions to become a screen



Q William Russell is the idol of the "western" fans. As weak and lady-like as a rhinoceros.

Q Victor MacLaglen and George O'Brien mix it to keep in condition.

Just because they make up their faces do not think of the screen men as effeminate. They are upstanding wallopers and fighting fools — and—proud of it.



Q Douglas Fairbanks introduced the athletic hero to the screen.



Q This is Reginald Denny flying his own aeroplane over Los Angeles.

player will find his chances are as good as his wallop. The "pretty boy" finds a part on the screen now and then, but the standard of manly beauty has grown steadily lower and the standard of physical fitness has increased accordingly. The football hero comes to the studios to be welcomed cordially and enthusiastically. The "cake-eater" is not as popular as in former days.

Check over the popular idols of the motion picture world, and you will find that outside of their wooing, and their dancing, and their painting from a make-up box they have plenty of desires that are normal and masculine and virile: ice-skating, hiking, football playing, tennis, aviation, boxing, swimming, and all the other multitude of sports.

But carrying the heroine up the stairs through many rehearsals and performances is not everything, nor is the ability to give and take in a screen fight with the villain of utmost importance. There is much more to a screen success. The charm of a winning personality, the mentality to grasp subtlety and express it fleetingly and understandingly, these are as essential as an attractive physique for the lad who would be in the picture with the heroine at the fade-out.



Q Richard Talmadge recovering from a broken neck which he suffered while making a stunt film.

It's HAPPY NEW YEAR in the Movies

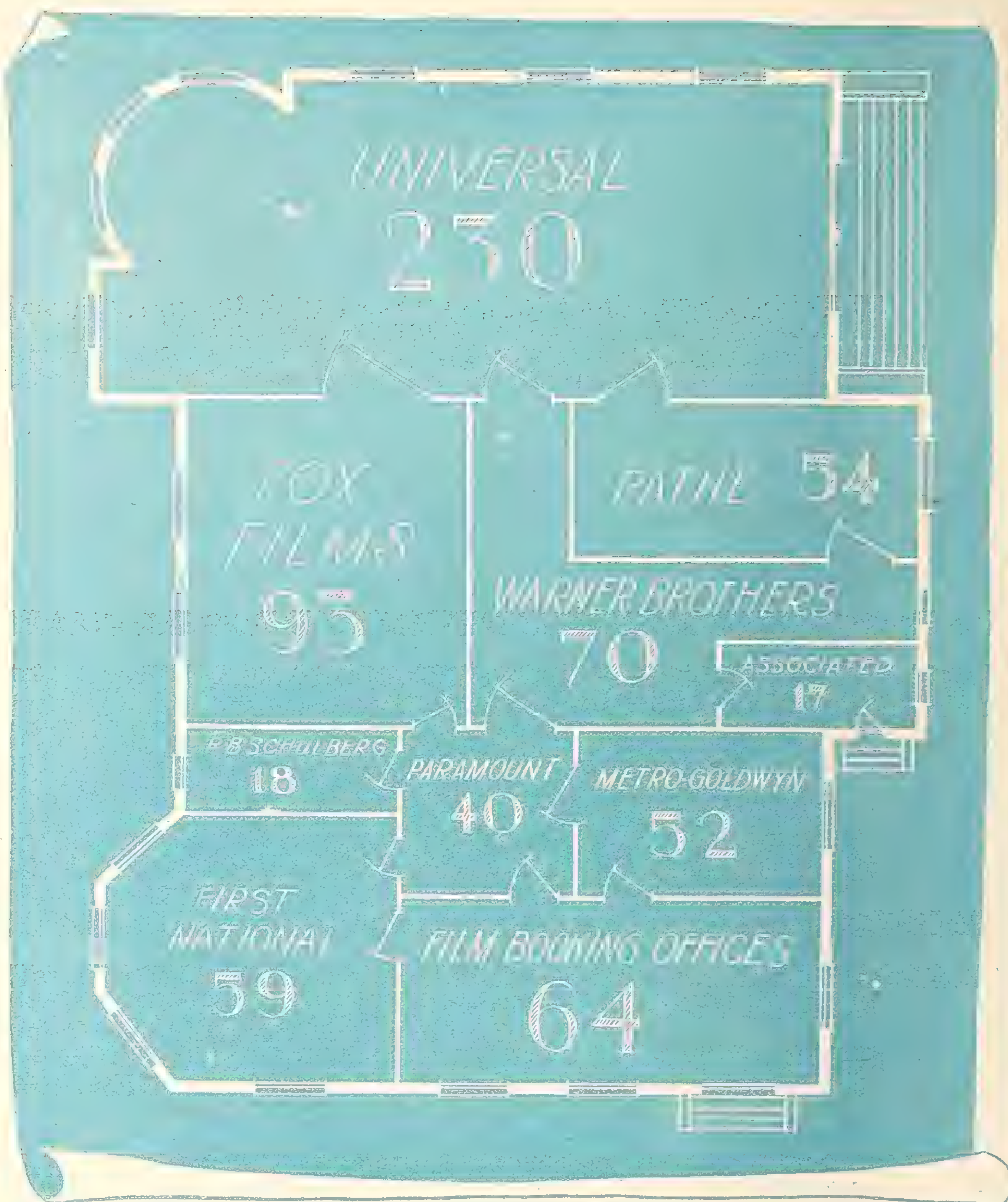
At this season the producers plan the bigger & better pictures of 1925-6

THERE is nothing haphazard or hit-and-miss about the production of motion pictures. The new movie year is now at its beginning and the plans for the coming twelve months are completed, the stars and directors are engaged, the stories are purchased, and from now on the work will be done. Practically no changes in the programs of the biggest producers will be made; and so next May, when you see a picture just completed and released, you may be very sure it is one of the number counted on this page.

The house of the movies is laid out, the house guests soon will come to admire and to be entertained. Some there will be who will be inspired perhaps, and some who will be comforted, for kindly and hospitable is the House of the Movies.



Q Irving G. Thalberg of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios hands Marion Davies her new contract. Now get to work, young lady; we like your stuff.



Q The rooms of this, our new Home of the Movies, are drawn in proportion. The numbers on the blue print represent the number of films released by each company. Of course, number indicates bulk and business undertaken; but there is just as much, if not more, credit coming to the great producers who are content to hold down the number of reels they release in order that they may improve the quality... The Paramount Golden 40 will no doubt give more entertainment than any other hundred miles of film, but apparently the Metro-Goldwyn "Ben Hur" will be THE picture of the next wonderful movie months.



Q The trackless advertising train of Metro-Goldwyn.



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

Marion Davies

HER first picture under the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer banner will be made under the working title of "The Merry Wives of Gotham."

ON OUR BEACH

Q SCREENLAND'S beach is where the Pacific rolls over on its back and purrs, and also it is Long Beach and the swells of the Atlantic.

Y OU take a movie girl and mix with one ocean, add a camera, and you have peaches and cream. Or perhaps you don't go in for fancy dishes. If so, keep away from SCREENLAND'S Beach, and have your copy sent to you at the morgue, for you're dead, my boy.

Q Some people, Elsie Tarron and Hazel Williams, for instance, kick at anything.



Q Viola Dana knows a great deal about being before a camera. For example when you are snapped in your bare feet, ALWAYS rise on your toes or point them down. It gives shape to the—the—picture.



Q George O'Hara lost his presence of mind, and he is looking for it on the F.B.O. lot.



Q Alberta Vaughn doing a Monte Cristo or telling a fish story. After the tide has gone out far enough, they send Alberta Vaughn out and the tide comes right back.

There is a world of difference in beaches. A movie beach is the most different of all. Why, at a regular movie beach, they can't keep the trout and halibut in the sea at all, poor fish.

A movie girl in a bathing suit is a bunch of vibrating emotions, the personification of vigor and peppy mischievous madness—a whirlwind of youth and lure.

And put a boy's bathing suit on any girl and she becomes screen material without an effort—one knee straightens, a hip here and there sags gracefully, twists and curves show up all over, and any ocean throws its waves up in the air with joy.

A one-piece is the entire garment (or gamut) of emotion—so to speak.



Q Alberta Vaughn and her sister, Ada Mae, both nice gentle girls. No rougher than Zbyszko.

The FIRST Thing I

Q *Appearance is everything before the camera; these movie stars constantly study the visible signs in themselves and in others. What would they think of you?*



Q Carmelita Geraghty. She notices if they vibrate.

By Carmelita Geraghty:

I CALL it "vibrations." You know, there's a certain feeling between people when they first meet — something on the order of electricity that makes you realize at once whether or not you two vibrate on the same plane.

I like a man who has a sense of humor, and I can always tell if a stranger possesses one just by looking at him and feeling this queer vibration. An impression, merely, but it never fails.

If he lacks my idea of a sense of humor, he fades right out of the picture as far as I'm concerned. . . . And never comes back!

By Dorothy Mackaill:

PERHAPS it's because I wasn't blessed with curls that the first thing I notice about a man is his hair.

Q Greta Nissen. Believes in first sight.



Q Dorothy Mackaill. Her long suit is hirsute.



Q Lilyan Tashman. She can't resist blondes.

Did you ever see the like of the gorgeous curls given to men who don't need them and very rarely want them?

The minute I see a "new" man, my eyes travel immediately to his crowning glory. I don't say that his ringlets or lack of 'em affect my liking or not liking him, but I always, always look there first!

By Lilyan Tashman:

HIS complexion!

That is, whether he's dark or fair. I like blue-eyed men best. Somehow or other, they always seem so much more to be trusted. But that's probably because I've had stage training and most stage villains seem to be dark.

"A dark man is coming into your life," old-fashioned fortune tellers used to say, and the phrase meant some one who intended you no good — indeed not!

The prince in the fairy stories always had blue eyes and fair skin, and though I've grown beyond Hans Christian Andersen, I still feel that my prince should be fair, too.

By May McAvoy:

IT's a man's walk I notice first.

If he slouches along, I form an unfavorable impression, a mental picture of some one who is ashamed of something. If he walks briskly, I connect him with business. If his steps are light, he must be gay and carefree.

Q May McAvoy. Wins in a walk.



Notice About a MAN

by the

Expert Man Noticers of the FILMS

There's the panther tread of our Latin lovers, the rolling gait of the sailor, the ambling walk of the purposeless soul, the jerky, undecided movements of the nervous, irritable man.

We all have different tempo of movement at different times, of course, but at the same time we have our individual walks.

The flatfooted walk, the mincing step, the stride, the shuffle, the "rubber-soled" stealthy tread.

I feel I can fit a man into his proper niche when once I've seen him walk.

By Greta Nissen:

IN this country you have no gallantry. You do not kiss the hand nor make the bow.

I think that every girl has illusions about men being chivalrous and gallant, of their being princely and charming, and so I like it best when the men I meet preserve my illusions. Therefore, that is what I look for first, the — shall I say? — initial salutation.

If he is courteous in his greeting, I wish to go farther with him along friendship's road. I like it best when he shows poise and reserve.

There is an excuse for people not getting along together after they know one another, for they may have different ways of looking at life. But there is no excuse for people not trying to make a good impression at the first meeting.

By Betty Compson:

HANDS fascinate me.

They are the first things I notice. I don't mean that a man's hands must be equipped with highly polished fingernails and be nice and soft and smooth, or that I'm a palmist and have to take a look at the lines and mounts and all that; but the way he holds his hands, the way he keeps them, and the way he takes mine when he's presented, all count.

If he's a wolf in sheep's clothing, I'll know it as soon as I see his hands. Nails bitten to the quick — hands habitually clenched — pointing his finger at you dictatorially — these are clues.

How a man shakes hands — I could write a volume on that!

Does he crush your rings into your fingers?

Does he give you a limp and fishy hand?

Does he hold it, lingeringly?

Does he grasp it firmly? Drop it quickly?

Whatever he does, I know him as soon as my hand leaves his!

(Continued on page 79)



Q Corinne Griffith.
She tells a "shine" by his shoes.



Q Florence Vidor.
She is fussy about lips.



Q Virginia Brown Faire.
Looking for a cave-man.



Q Norma Talmadge.
It's a case of "Mind over Norma."



Q Betty Compson.
You have to hand it to her.

Before they were FAMOUS

RECOLLECTIONS of RUDOLPH VALENTINO

By Richard H. Warner

WHO is the foreign-looking dark chap?" I asked of the "hostess" of the tea-dance place of that particular moment, indicating a youth seated at the opposite side of the dancing space in company with several friends.

"That is the Marquis di Guglielmi," she replied self-consciously and impressively. Thereupon she spelled the name, taking for granted—rather impertinently, I thought—my utter ignorance of the Italian language. That slim, handsome boy, sitting unobtrusive and unnoticed in the garish restaurant, has since burst upon the world in the radiant guise of Rudolph Valentino.

Never shall I forget how the future sheik was dressed on that day when I first beheld him. He wore a tight-fitting suit of light, plain gray. It was made, as I learned subsequently, by a tailor in Taranto, his home town, which is situated on the Bay of Taranto, in the old province of Apulia, in the southeastern part of Italy. The trousers, after the foreign fashion, extended well up around the waist, fitting snugly, and the waistcoat was cut low, almost like that of a dinner jacket. Sometimes, on later occasions, he varied this costume by a waistcoat of white flannel, cut in the same quaint manner. Even in those days one glancing at him was reminded, subconsciously at least, not of some character suggesting Italy, but of a toreador. A presage, possibly, of "The Four Horsemen."

Shortly afterward I was presented to Signor Guglielmi, and a few days later I invited him to have dinner with me. He accepted. We went to the cool roof of the Ritz, I remember, it being a hot night in midsummer. Here, over our coffee and cigarettes, Rudolph confided to me his troubles. He was a stranger in a strange and



¶ Rudolph Valentino — the man who gave the word "sheik" a new meaning.

different land; recognition was slow in the overcrowded profession of his choice—stage dancing. And he was far too proud to seek aid from his family. Full of sympathy I suggested that he share my quarters with me for a few days—or until things looked up a bit. He acquiesced without hesitation, accepting my invitation in the spirit in which it was proffered.

Next morning I journeyed over to the house where he lodged, which was, as best I can recall, on Forty-fifth Street, just west of Broadway. Here I found Rudolph occupying rooms which were anything but cheerful. We packed his belongings at once in a strange-looking traveling bag of foreign make. I remember most distinctly his dress suit, also the handiwork of the tailor in Taranto. It had great pockets in the tails like those from which magicians used to draw rabbits and bowls of water when we were children.

Rudolph was soon ensconced beneath my ample roof where, before we knew it, the "few days" of my invitation had lengthened to weeks. We lived in perfect amity we two—we three, that is, Rudolph, Prunella and I. Prunella, I hasten to explain, by way of robbing Mrs. Grundy of a coveted tid-bit, was a small alley cat I had rescued from an area-way earlier in the season. I do not remember who gave her her dressy name. Life soon became a mad whirl for Prunella.

She adored Rudolph, who played with her by the hour. Yet we deserted her shamefully once, going to Long Beach, leaving her locked in without food, quite forgotten. When I wired back to New York for some one to go to her aid an eminent English actor, who was playing an engagement here at that time, scaled the wall, playing Romeo to her Juliet,

(Continued on page 31)



Norma Shearer

Now engaged in making "Nothing to Worry"

The Wanderer -



Q Famous Players-Lasky Corp. gave Raoul Walsh the directing of this, their biggest picture of the year. William Collier, Jr., as the Wanderer and Kathryn Hill as Naomi.

AT the house across the way this morning was tremendous trouble. Everybody was looking—looking. It was evident that something or somebody was lost.

I went over.

Junior was gone. He was only half past two and had been among those missing for over two hours.

The household of Junior was topsy-turvy. His mother was nearing prostration. Oh, for just one sight of him—one little sight of his curls or his eyes or his saucy dimples. But he was gone, and certainly he'd never come back whole. He was so little and helpless!

We sat down. Looked helplessly at each other.

¶ The story old and human of the Son who was a Prodigal has been told again, reverently and beautifully.

By Marion
Brooks
Ritchie



Two thumps on the outside steps. A pause. The screen door slowly opened—and there stood The Wanderer, the Prodigal Son, come home.

Now he's washed, fed and fast asleep in his mother's arms, of course. But his story—only his mother could understand it.

in front of the house on his own

¶ *Life is before him—the fields are so dull, the flocks are so lazy, and the day is so long—the call of youth is upon him!*

street. It wasn't a nice street. He had played on it ever since he could walk, almost a whole year ago. But the next street—ah, the next street!—it was full

of lions and tigers and Indians to conquer. And there, most likely, were huge buckets of pink lemonade, and great sticks of candy and lolly-pops!

Well, his mother understood; (Continued on page -)

Director Will Nigh will give

Q A part under a great director—what a wonderful opportunity! It is characteristic of "Bill" Nigh that he is willing to help a boy to a start.

By T. Howard Kelly

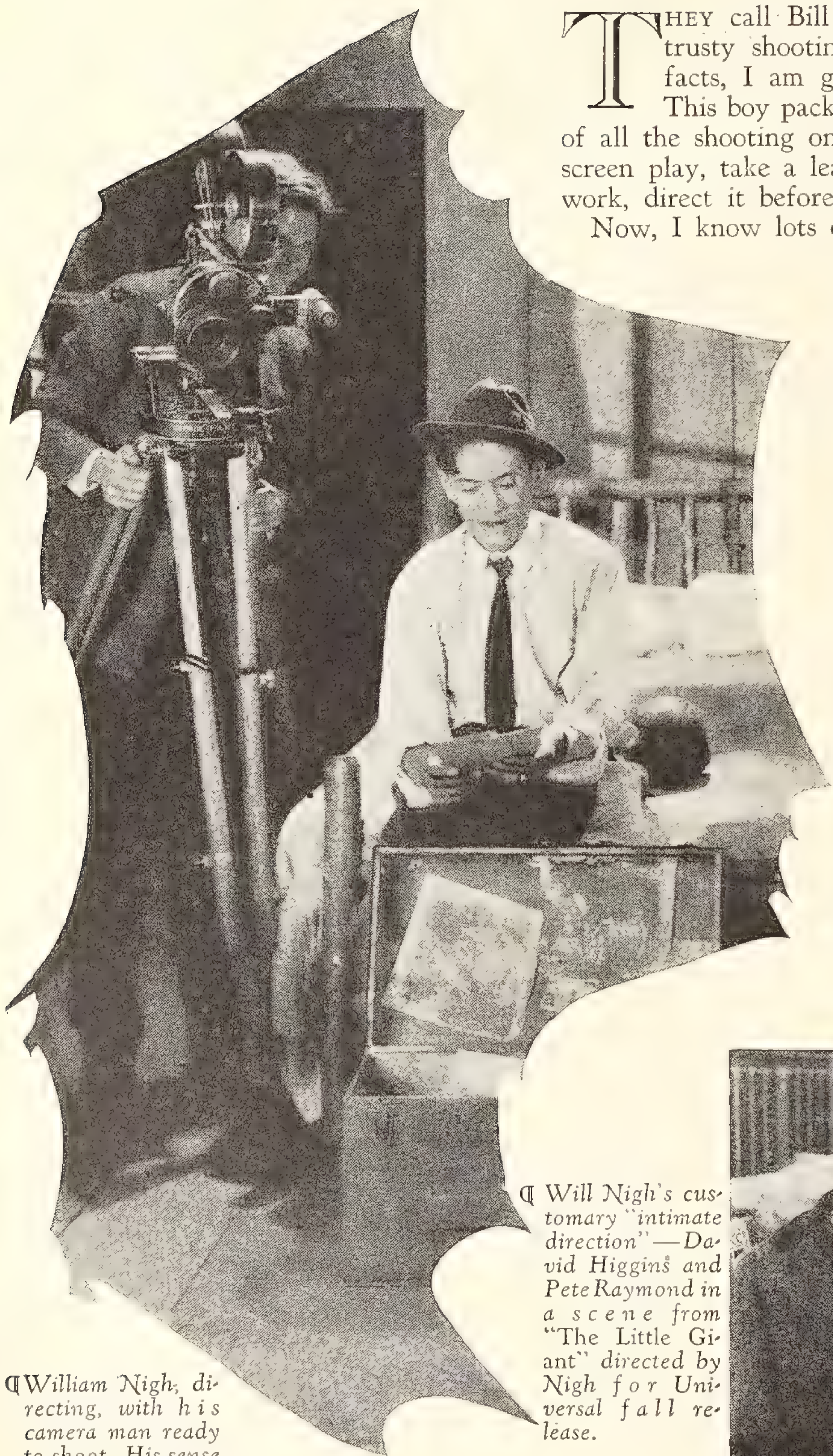
THEY call Bill Hart a two-gun man because he totes a pair of trusty shooting irons. Well, by the same law of figurative facts, I am going to call Bill Nigh a triple-threat movie man. This boy packs three mighty fine reasons why he's been in charge of all the shooting on dozens of studio sets. He can write a stage, or screen play, take a leading part in the same, and, to round out a day's work, direct it before the camera!

Now, I know lots of movie directors. A few are topnotchers in the game because they are vital forces in the business of Life. But, unfortunately, most of the megaphone wielders are "one-way guys." Their minds run on a single track that circles themselves. Their vision of Life amounts to the reflections they find in their mirrors.

I'm not in this interviewing business to hand out flowers and soft music to any one. If William Nigh (as he signs his checks and contracts) had turned out to be a high-hatted, or Smart Aleck director, I would have given you an echo of my laugh, or a description of the particular kind of pain he inflicted.

We met each other at the Lambs Club. Within three minutes I knew that his real name was "Bill" and that he was an honest-to-goodness human being who was tremendously interested in the same things as interest you, me, and Jim Smith down in Rome, Ga.

Bill Nigh's no mere pretty-minded idealist. He knows that any student of life can't afford to be suffering from glamouritis, or the chronic enchantment that comes with looking upon things from a distance. Bill believes in going



Q William Nigh, directing, with his camera man ready to shoot. His sense of the dramatic amounts practically to a sixth sense.

Q Will Nigh's customary "intimate direction"—David Higgins and Pete Raymond in a scene from "The Little Giant" directed by Nigh for Universal fall release.



a SCREENLAND BOY a chance

Will give a SCREENLAND young man a try-out in my next picture.

This will be a real part, not an extra part nor "atmosphere"—but a part which will enable the young man to show me and every one who sees the finished film what qualities he possesses for a career on the screen.

This part will pay the same salary to the young man I select in this contest as if he had been secured by the regular methods—no more and no less. I shall expect the boy selected to present himself at the studio when notified. His railroad fares and hotel bills will, of course, be paid by himself.

Send your photograph and have carefully written on the back:

Your name

Your address

Your height

Your weight

Your color

Your nationality

And, briefly, your acting experience, if any.

If a stamped and addressed envelope which will hold the photograph is included, your photograph will be returned. Address SCREENLAND's Registry Bureau, 236 West 55th Street, New York, N. Y.



Will Nigh, director, author, actor—but not too busy to give a hand-up to somebody else.

right down to rock-bottom. He's not interested in photographing camouflage. And, right here, let me pass on what this director has to say about Hollywood's insidious effect upon men who go out there to make pictures.

"As a residence for movie directors, Hollywood is a fine Peacock Alley. It's just one cross-section of Life. Just the dessert course—the froth! The successful men and women out there make a lot of money. They live high among themselves. They see Life only in what goes on around them. How can a man who is supposed to interpret humanity on the screen keep up with the parade of Life when he's looking at this parade from only one window?"

"You mean moving picture directors ought to be in the parade, not just looking at it?" I asked.

"That's the idea. That's why I refuse to live out there. That's why if I can't be travelling, and bumming around different parts of the world, I stay here in New York where all the races, all the types, and all the ends

of the earth rub elbows simply and dramatically. I'm out to give Life a chance on the screen. That's the only thing that counts in a story—a play—or a film!"

Yes, you're right, this chap is a bit of a hard-boiled egg when it comes to his demands for realistic quality in photodrama. Bill started off with his brave dreams. He gave up dreams only when they refused to lend themselves to Life.

(Continued on page 60)

\$ How to MAKE a



\$ Mary Astor \$



\$ Lillian Rich \$



\$ Mabel Ballin \$



\$ Rod La Rocque \$

Q Go into the movies, of course. In order to assist you to your fortune, SCREENLAND calls to your attention some trifling details.

DID you ever wonder if you had a chance to be successful in the movies? You can make a million in the film business, if you know how to go about it. But there are a few little matters that are important to consider.

You do not buy a camera, for instance, and merely have your boy friend turn the crank while you pose, then sell the film and make your fortune. No, indeed.

Cecil De Mille knows just how to go about the business of making pictures and of making a million dollars doing it. This article tells you how carefully he plans each detail in advance.

You will be wise to follow his example of careful forethought if you are planning on making a fortune out of the moving pictures.

Mr. De Mille sat in his office at the De Mille Studio, formerly the Thomas H. Ince Studio. It was to be three months before the studio was to start on its first production. Mr. De Mille pointed to a six-inch stack of papers weighted down with a paper weight. "There," he said, "is a compilation of something over ten thousand articles with prices from competing firms."

(Continued on page 77)

Q A fully equipped motion picture studio must have a General Manager, Assistant General Manager, Business Manager, Auditor, Cashier, Publicity Director, Casting Director, Purchasing Agent, Production Editors, Story Department, Studio Superintendent, Art Director, Wardrobe Designer, Technical Director, Transportation Manager, Chief Electrician, Drapery Department, Research Department.

Q Cecil B. De Mille poses with his associates: Sitting (left to right) — Bertram Millhauser, Production Editor; Beulah Marie Dix, writer; Mrs. E. K. Adams, head, Story Department; Jeanie MacPherson, special writer; Jetta Goudal, featured player; Cecil B. De Mille; Fred Kley, General Manager; Frank Urson, director; Paul Iribe, director; and many others covering all departments.



It's a domestic drama, and a pretty good one, with a refreshing note of novelty.

The TALKER

O. This doesn't refer to the pest who sits directly behind you and persists in reading all the captions out loud. One of these pests, by the way, was hit on the head by the patron the other day. I merely mention this to readers of this department to remember that they are in theatres catering to the silent drama and act accordingly.

The Talker is a motion picture, and a pretty good one. It's a domestic drama, but it comes nearer to hitting the nail, or the wife, on the head than is usual in this form of entertainment. The wife (Anna Q. Nilsson) talks too much. She tells the world that women should have their independence and offers, as a means to this end, the suggestion that all women should have three husbands — one to support her; one

to entertain her; and one to manage her household. As you can imagine, this sort of thing makes an awful hit with her husband, Lewis Stone. Shirley Mason, as Lew's little sister and the pet of the house, takes Anna's stuff seriously and runs away with Ian Keith, cast as a crook

and a married man. Poor Mr. Keith. The Talker finds herself without a husband of any kind. Shirley's young life has been blasted; and it begins to look as if Anna will have to do a lot of talking to square herself. Let them finish the play for you, at your favorite theatre.

While Lew and Anna Q. are competent, as always, it is Shirley who supplies the surprise. She walks away with the honors. Not only pert and pretty; she's really appealing. Gertrude Short as a particularly pessimistic and plump neighborhood child is a riot.



Anna Q. Nilsson tells the world her opinions and doesn't make an awful hit with her husband, Lewis Stone.

A sparkling comedy imbued with the spirit of good, innocent fun.

Kiss Me Again

A Continental Cocktail

KISS ME AGAIN is Ernst Lubitsch's latest contribution to the gaiety of the gelatines. It is a sparkling comedy, directed in such a spirit of bubbling good humor that not even the soberest of the debbies and tabbies will be able to resist its frothy appeal.

More than any other director, to my mind, Herr Lubitsch reveals his own disposition in his direction. He is always in excellent spirits. *Kiss Me Again* is a delicious cocktail, expertly mixed and shaken by such assistants as Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, John Roche, and Clara Bow. A great quartette that insures a happy party.

Lubitsch has laid his story in Paris — not the usual motion-picture idea of Paris, but the luxurious and joyful atmosphere of the really French. He's a master magician. He turns our good old lean and lanky Monte into a boulevardier, and makes us like it. Blue has developed into a skillful comedian under the German's tutelage. And what wonders he has done

with Marie! She simply scintillates as a gay little French wife who fancies a fatuous pianist until Monte makes her see the error of her ways. This involves the services

of Clara, as a saucy stenographer; and once again Lubitsch proves his genius for selection. She sheds her awkward mannerisms and emerges as a deft and airy ingenue. With John Roche, too, the magic has been at work. As the pianist he strikes the right key. Now that that's over with, and no casualties so far, I mustn't forget to mention that under other auspices *Kiss Me Again* might flavor of the frisque. But Papa Ernst carefully avoids any complications by imbuing all his actors with the spirit of good, innocent fun — they're just nice young people enjoying themselves. And so, if we're any use at all, are we.



Monte Blue as a Parisian boulevardier engages Clara Bow as a saucy stenographer, and she emerges as a deft and airy ingenue.

DELIGHT EVANS sees the new films with an unprejudiced but expert eye. Unprejudiced! Her compliments are real praise and her fault-finding is the helpful sort — she is a real critic.

Some NEW FILMS



Q Bob Custer and Sally Rand in "The Texas Bearcat."

Q It must be falling in love your father's enemy. But what Jean does

SAY folks, what would you think of a motorcycle cop who would hold up traffic for five minutes—maybe it was a lot more—anyhow, long enough to kiss a lady? Well, that's what Lefty Flynn does in *Speed Wild*.

The story is all about a likely looking chap named Jack Ames. He spends most of his time thrill-hunting, and it keeps him busy. His valet, Ulysses, helps him out. Dark as a thunderstorm is this Ulysses—dubbed by the nickname "Useless." He may be useless in his head, but not in his feet. Never have we known one of the watermelon race to trip it more lively.

MOLLY-O

*Sees Some
Action Pictures
and
Likes Them*

difficulties and comes out—on the other side. He is after a band of smugglers and you'll never guess what it is they're bringing into the country. Picture brings all the way from China. We got a few fleeting glimpses of them and wished more. Oscar wonders how they know they're up for the day, when they wear their pajamas all the time—?

Mary Bryant is a girl for you, and Jack Ames knows it from the very first. Do



Q They make the underworld so attractive that even the subway seemed better afterward. William Mong, Malcolm MacGregor and Evelyn Brent in "Alias Mary Flynn."



y Dwan makes an adorable heroine. Wild speed isn't so wild, but there's plenty of speed. Oh, by the way, we heard that Flynn's other name is Maurice. And they want him to use it again after all these years. Maurice may do all right for a christening, but for a star, well—what's the matter with Lefty Flynn? You can ask us.

Q Dorothy Dwan is a girl for you, and Jack Ames (Lefty Flynn) knows it from the very first, when he chases her for speeding.

* * *

It was a wild night, about as wild as bursting bombs, and machine guns, and soldiers' curses could make. Everybody was up in the air, especially Richard March. And why couldn't he be, piloting an aeroplane in an attack against the enemy? Though he routed the intruder, his own machine caught fire and down he came crashing to earth. For a few minutes Richard almost believes that he is killed. But he gets up and rushes off the dirt. And along comes Marion Weston, driving a motor ambulance. A critical moment, you see, and Richard, a bit upset from his high fall, loses his head and kisses this unknown

girl. There you have the beginning of *The Kiss Barrier*, featuring Edmund Lowe. With the war over, back in New York,

Richard Marsh resumes his career on the stage. But he can't forget this girl he had met—and kissed—and lost. He knows she is the one girl in the world for him. And when he does meet her, she hasn't forgotten the kiss any more than he has, but she is still mad about it. Not just provoked, mind you, but downright mad. And while everyone raves over the actor, Marion turns him down cold. Nothing daunted, Richard determines to win her just the same. It might have been an easy task if it were not for Connie. She is Marion's flapper cousin, and she actually flaps.



Q Right at once he decides he is her future husband but he doesn't tell her about it until—well—the critical moment. Dorothy Dwan in "Speed Wild."



WHAT THE WELL DRESSED MAN WEARS on the Cecil B. De Mille lot.

Edmund Burns, leading man for Leatrice Joy.
You will see them if you visit "Hell's Highroad."

We liked her. Fact is, we liked her a whole lot! She gave us some genuine laughs and her slang was the real thing. She was the fastest little worker on record and she led poor Richard Marsh a hot time of it, especially when she hid in his clothes press and wouldn't get out

She is in love with the manager of the bank for one thing—and she has turned over this new leaf for another. She must save the bank somehow—and not lose the love of Billy Rhodes, her boss. We won't tell if she does it or not but just

when he told her to. A regular she-devil, this Connie, but the part was made highly amusing by Marion Harlan, and we are for her strong. You can ask Oscar if it isn't so. Claire Adams played the feminine lead. Edmund Lovell makes a compelling hero.

* * *

GO STRAIGHT is a crook drama dealing with a nest of "birds." There is the Cock, the Dove, the Hawk, the Nightingale—and some others. And they feathered the nest up to the minute. They had everything belonging to the average man of means—but a clear conscience. They were not ordinary thugs, mind you, but gentlemen. All but the Nightingale, who happens to be—a lady!

"I wonder where she gets the name?" asked Oscar. "She isn't a singer—and she isn't a nurse—"

"Yah—but she works after dark doesn't she?" Oscar came back at me, and tried to look superior. "That's easy."

But it wasn't so easy for little Gilda Hart, the bird in question. She hated her life of crime and made up her mind to go straight. She pulls one last stunt for "the birds" just to prove to them that she isn't yellow because she is quitting. The papers write it up as—The Strangest Robbery on Record—And it was! We know, because we saw it.

Taking Auntie Robbin, an old rogue who had raised her, the Nightingale goes to Hollywood, and finally lands a job in a bank as secretary to the manager. A regular "bird" in a new cage!

Auntie Robbins, along with 99% of the world, is movie mad. She knows she'll make a great actress. She manages to get into a studio and walks right into more than one good set. As a sub-title puts it—"Tourists rush in where angels fear to tread." She gives Anita Stewart a risky five minutes of it, and Larry Semon isn't likely to forget her embrace too soon. This comedy part was well handled by Lillian Leighton.

The "birds" follow to California and plan a robbery with the Nightingale on the inside to help them. But she will have none of them.

(Continued on page 76)



SCATTERED across the earth are the filmed activities of the motion picture players. Hardly a hamlet without its ham, at least in the films. But the players themselves, in spite of the broadcasting of their personalities, are a herded lot. They are either here or there. Either they are playing in New York City at the Famous, First National, or other studios, or they are in Hollywood where the day is welcomed with the click-click of cameras and the night is made merry with the clink-clink of movie dollars.

Here is the Cinema Universe; see if you can find Mary Pickford.

Map of the World of Celluloid

The Hard Working Players
and Where They are Playing

Director Will Nigh will Give a Screenland Boy a Chance

Continued from page 35

Unlike what I call the "script director," who makes a picture according to the blue print handed him by the scenario department (who calls for a tear and a smile as they appear in type, regardless) Nigh is not a fiend for big names in his pictures. They are fine, he says, when they are the names of people who were born for the rôles assigned. But, when cast simply and solely for publicity and box-office reasons, he detests big names.

"When a director makes a picture with unknown people, and his picture sends the fans out of a theater asking who the man was that played this rôle, and who the woman was that played the heroine—then he's done something!" says Nigh.

That line of common sense talk rang the bell with me. The point of his argument's not shrouded in any mystery at all. Take the example he handed me as proof of the idea's logic. Here we've got a story calling for a sweet little girl to play the part of a poor village girl who works out all day, studies, and helps her mother at night. You cast an actress for this rôle because she has a great box-office name regardless of the fact that she's a hundred miles away from the type of girl needed. Result?—All through the film the audience continually thinks of the heroine as Gretchen Starbright, beautiful movie queen, instead of accepting her as Mary Jones, the poor little village girl. Nigh says get a real Mary Jones in there and you've done something!

A man can't get the right perspective on the business of creating dramatic entertainment for others unless he possesses a mighty keen sense of the dramatic himself. Call it a sixth sense if you want to. It's been called worse names. Wherever there are people gathered together, living, working and loving, there is bound to be drama, for this is only another term for life. We could all be dramatists and writers if we were capable of properly presenting what we recognize, and know to be the humanly interesting thoughts, gestures, and activities of Life around us. But the standard equipment doled out by nature to humanity is a package of five senses. The sixth sense for any particular thing—art—science—story writing—acting—and so forth is nature's generosity to the chosen few.

Bill Nigh must have been one of Nature's favorites. She certainly did handsomely by that boy. He came into the world, so to speak, pen in hand, make-up on, and megaphone nearby. According to the party in question, he started at an early age to exercise them all. There's no end of things theatrical Nigh has done in a very workmanlike sort of manner. And, when they give him a story to picturize, he does his own scenario, building an entirely new story when occasion arises.

What a man!

If I had a camera face (we won't go into any details as to its specific type. Details are always embarrassing to me) I'd have asked Bill Nigh down there at the Lambs Club to give me a chance in the "fillums" under his banners. For he's the sort of director that I imagine

it would be worthwhile to try-out under. Understanding the mechanics, the psychology, and the tricks of the game as he does means a great deal for the people working under him.

During the course of our chat Bill mentioned something that ought to be of supreme interest to SCREENLAND readers who believe they have picture talent if only the talent could be brought to the attention of the right person. This magazine has been fortunate enough to enlist William Nigh's interest in the idea of bringing new faces and personalities to the screen. He stated that he has agreed to select from photographs sent to the office a young man who shows promise. If after finding such a boy, and his screen tests warrant it, Mr. Nigh will give him a part in his next film as a means of determining his chances as a movie actor.

Again, I regret I have only one face to give to my country, and that it is not a camera face! It would be an education to work under Bill. As he said:

"I came here to get into the picture game without any experience in films. I'd been on the stage, and I figured that it was all bunk about this great gulf that stretched between the legitimate and the screen. The stage tries to entertain with sketches from Life. That's the screen's job, only it works through a pictorial medium. Learn the medium, and present Life through it! That was my creed. I took a plunge——"

"You've made quite a number of pictures. That's the answer to your plunge, isn't it?" I interrupted.

"Yes. I've made quite some dating back from the old two-reeler days even. I'm interested in one-reelers if they can be made to tell a story——"

"I remember that little classic of yours, 'Among the Missing.' And then, that Barrymore picture you did, Lionel in 'The Yellow Streak.' Everyone figured it was Lionel Barrymore at his screen best——"

"It's a tough job making pictures according to your own conceptions when the producers demand this and that because they are afraid to go off the beaten track. I'm out to establish precedent when precedent will make for a better and bigger picture——"

Bill Nigh made "Four Years in Germany," based on former Ambassador Gerard's famous book. Those who read the volume and later saw the picture readily acclaimed that the best parts of the book were made to live under Director Nigh's interpretation.

Glenn Hunter was Bill's last star. Previous to taking the lead in my own story "His Buddy's Wife," which has been filmed by Tom Terriss for Associated Exhibitors, Glenn worked under Bill in a picture titled "Once A Peddler," which is a forthcoming Universal release.

It is my prediction that the chap who wins a chance to do his stuff for Bill Nigh as a result of the SCREENLAND contest will get the opportunity of his life. Given such an opportunity to climb the ladder to film fame, let's hope the lucky boy doesn't muff it, for he's got to deliver the goods if he wants to play ball with Bill Nigh!

If you are a "regular guy" and look it, if you want the fine things of earth and will work for them, if you can sympathetically portray the other fellow's emotions—here's an opportunity for you to make good.

KEEPING *the* KINKS

out of
Connie



Q To twist
is a duty
if you
would
have
beauty.



Q Bend at the
side—
You'll soon be
a bride.



Q Sit up and beg—
Shape to the leg.

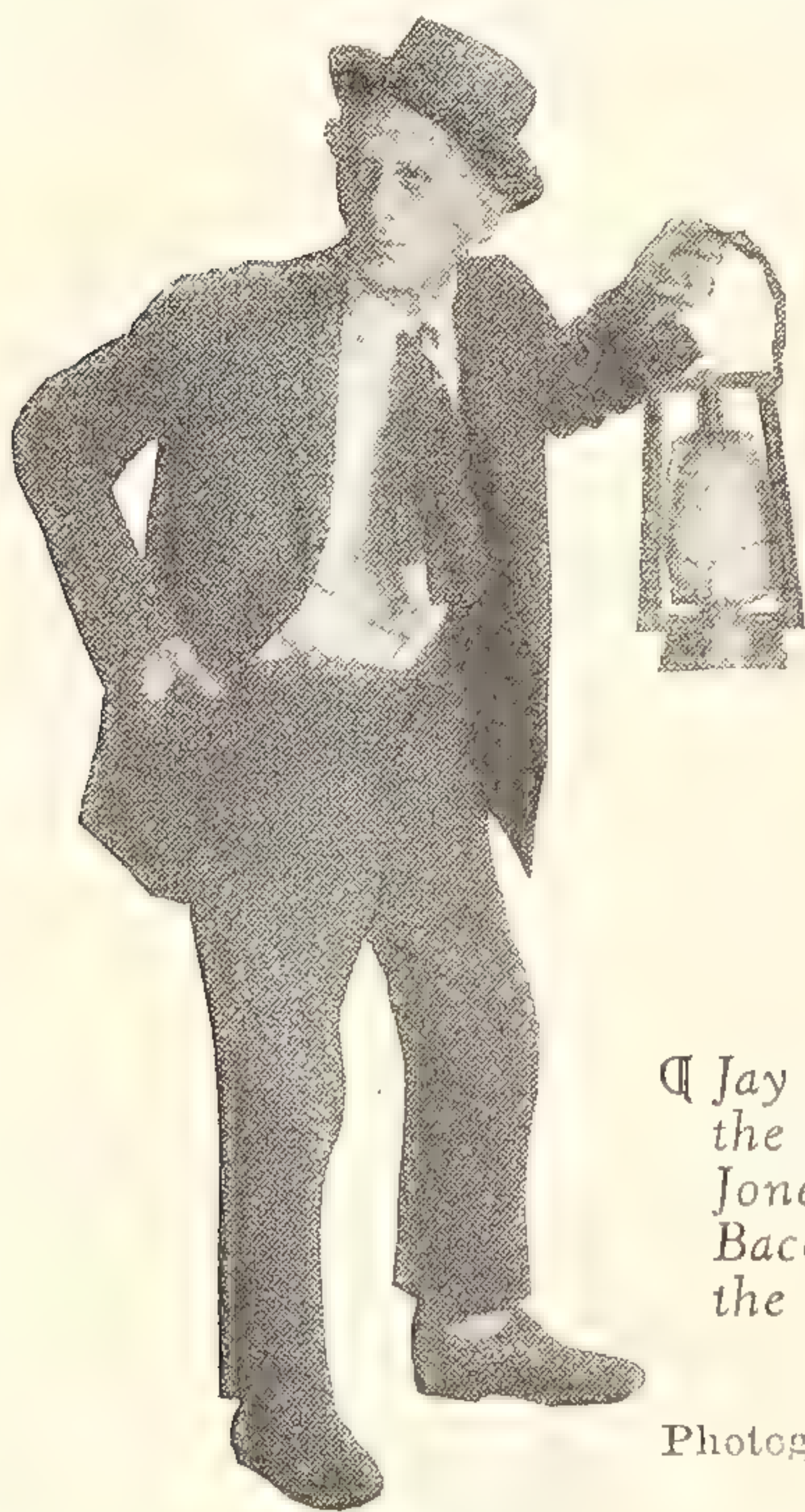
Constance Talmadge has a set of rhymes that she repeats when she takes her morning exercises. If you would like to have a figure like hers you have to do more than just learn the jingles.



Q Raise your feet from the mat
And you'll never be fat.



¶ The Universal Bread Line (Right to Left).—Norman Kerry, Virginia Valli, Jean Hersholt, Mary Philbin, Charles Puffy, Laura La Plante, William Desmond, Jack Hoxie, Margaret Quimby, Cesare Gravina, Joe Bonomo, Youcca Troubetzkoy, Antone Vaverka, Eddie Clayton, Edna Marian, Arthur Lake, Clarence Wertz, Rodrick O'Farrell, Adrienne Dore, Fred Cole, Isobel Stiefel, Robert Seiter, Samuel Gervon, and Marceline Day. They get the dough!



¶ Jay Hunt, who is playing the part of "Lightnin' Bill Jones"—the rôle Frank Bacon made famous on the stage—in *Lightnin'*.

Photograph by Witzel

G O S S I P from H O L L Y W O O D

By H. B. K. Willis

THINGS have been rather slack in the gossip line since I last wrote home for money. There have been comparatively few choice remnants on the bargain counter of tasty tales for the typewriter engineer, who writes by the yard, to record for posterity or any other ulterior motive.

The fact is that Gloria Swanson's salubrious homecoming has quite knocked Hollywood out of joint. The town hasn't received such a jolt since Albert, King of all the Belgians, received a key to the city.

There were banners hanging across the street and the natives out of the windows. Brass bands blared a brazen welcome. There was no need of a paid crowd at the station. In fact it took a squad of motorcycle cops to cut a way through the welcoming throng so that Gloria's 1925 palanquin might proceed to Hollywood.

Then at the opening of her picture *Madame Sans Jeans*, to become colloquial for the moment, Gloria held salon and exposed her glorious self to the admiring gaze of the largest crowd that ever turned out for a premiere. The inhabitants didn't come for the picture either, as they are still figuring what it's all about. So many girls in this climate are inured to the lack of lingerie that they cannot understand why Gloria should make a picture about it.

Mr. Swanson, or rather the Marquis Umpty-umph, is still rather dazed with Hollywood from all accounts. He doesn't get all this hundred per center stuff. He just smiles and smiles and is extremely courteous.

Hollywood is getting a tremendous thrust out of him, however. The big laugh transpired when an enterprising press agent broadcasted the slogan:

"Don't call him Marquis. Call him Hank. He's just a regular fellow and one of the boys."

There's a neat little tale behind this.

It seems that the very same train that bore Gloria back to California picked up a band of Oklahoma exhibitors, bound for the Paramount convention in Hollywood, at some place in Oklahoma where the train stops.

The exhibitors got pretty well organized, as men attending a convention usually do, in the baggage car ahead, where they usually do. When they were mellow one of them heard that Gloria and her new husband were aboard the train.

He had read Will Hays' speech about "all of us are partners in the motion picture business," so he went back to Gloria's special car to prove it. He let her know that his confreres were Paramount exhibitors, and Gloria was tactful.

At the informal reception the classic resulted.

—o—

It is interesting to note that quite a battle is raging between the professional and the amateur beards of picturedom. The professionals are the actors who were

willing to let their whiskers support them. The amateurs are retired farmers with Virginia creepers who came out to California to die in the sun but tired of the job and are now putting their Airedale features to work in the movies.

—o—

Did you have any earthquake in New York in the merry, merry month of May? You really should have had one for even Little Old New York isn't big enough to hold Mae Busch and Mabel Normand at the same time though they were vacationing there, but not together.

Someone in New York not acquainted with Hollywood conventions might invite both to the same party and thereby precipitate at least a catastrophe.

Come on, girls, bury the hatchet, but not in each other.

—o—

I spent a pleasant hour or so with Herbert Higgin, the scenarist and director, recently. He's with Lasky now. He made *Tomorrow's Love* and several other visual educational features of the same sort for them, I believe. I'm writing you about him because he's the only scenarist AND director in Hollywood who doesn't wear a black ribbon on his pince-nez and an English accent. He even has a lot of that 1925 (July) pre-war stuff that Mr. Volstead is so crazy about.

—o—

I wouldn't be surprised to hear the press agents burgeoning the news everywhere soon that Reginald Denny has signed a Famous Players-Lasky contract. He is regarded by some of the high Paramount moguls as being even a better bet than Wallie Reid was in the latter's prime. The wise guys point to the fact that the Universal pictures starring Denny are playing in the best Paramount houses all over the country.

Denny is really a delightful chap. I met him a couple of years ago when he went wild upon finding out that a thoughtless press agent had allowed him to be broadcast as an addict to a certain kind of face clay.

I went out to Universal City for a Los Angeles newspaper to give Reggie a chance to defend himself. But he didn't say a single thing that was fit to print.

—o—

Erte, the famous French designer, is doing his stuff for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Erte's costumes are one hundred per cent potent. I saw Aileen Pringle out at the M-G-M lot recently in the opening shots of Tod Browning's *The Mystic*. The effect was marvelous. It is amazing what Erte can do with a little material and a lot of art.

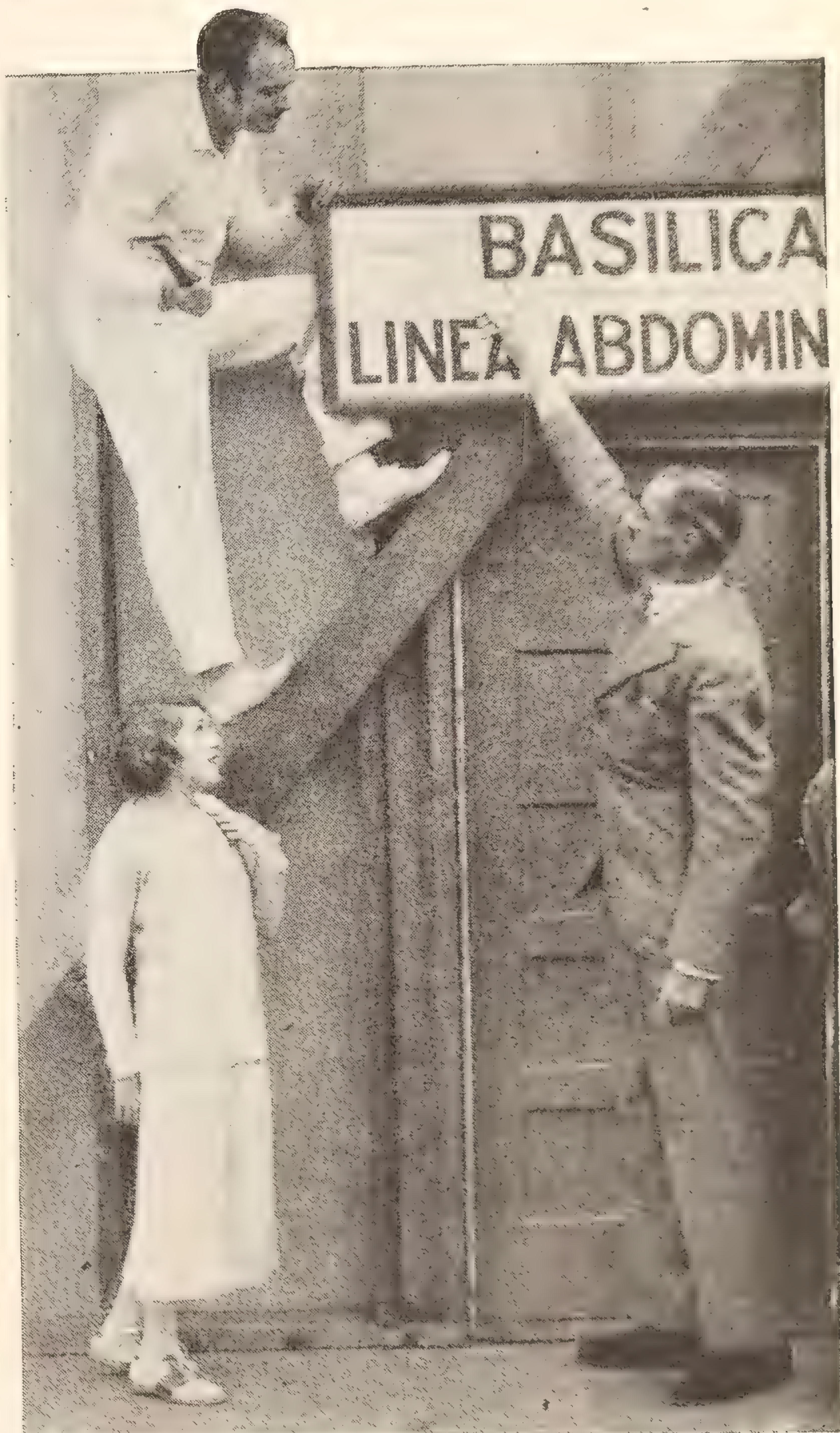


Q Jim Collins, make-up expert, teaches Mary Fisher, Paramount School Scholar, the first rudiments of the school—the art of make-up.

Elinor Glyn says she is through with tender love. She is done trying to foist it upon a public which insists upon the soul-searing, curl-'em-up-in-their-seats variety. Her timely films, *Three Weeks* and *His Hour*, were acclaimed in the provinces, but *Man and Maid* perished miserably, although it was all tenderness. Perhaps it was tender because it was underdone. So henceforth Madame Glyn and passion go hand in hand.

I swapped two hours' worth of four-fifty words with Madame Glyn at her Ambassador hotel suite recently, and although I admitted that I had never read any of her works or seen any of her pictures, she was very gracious.

I explained my failure to become familiar with her product by saying that I had troubles enough all ready, which seemed to amuse her.



Q Douglas Fairbanks has a new gymnasium. Here we see him putting up the sign which means "Temple of the Lean Abdomen." The little short fellow is Lieutenant-Colonel Kelburne A. Plimpton, Britisher. He is 6 feet 4 inches tall. Mary Pickford is the interested spectator.

Madame Glyn, I would never presume to call her Elinor even though I was talking to myself: she impresses one that way as she sits on her tiger skin and bends her green eyes upon you.

She told me a lot of things, but all I can remember is her cinematic discoveries, namely Harriett Hammond, David Mir, pronounced to rhyme with "beer," Dagmar Desmond and Mike Mitchell.

They all are interesting types. Mir is of a princely line. Mitchell was a general in the army of the late Czar, while Dagmar Desmond is the wife of an up-state California banker.

—O—

Erich von Stroheim has departed the M-G-M lot. May he rest in peace. He leaves *The Merry Widow* to mourn him. She is uncut and untitled in many reels. Erich is also said to have taken the continuity of the picture with him.

Erich always would have his little joke.

—O—

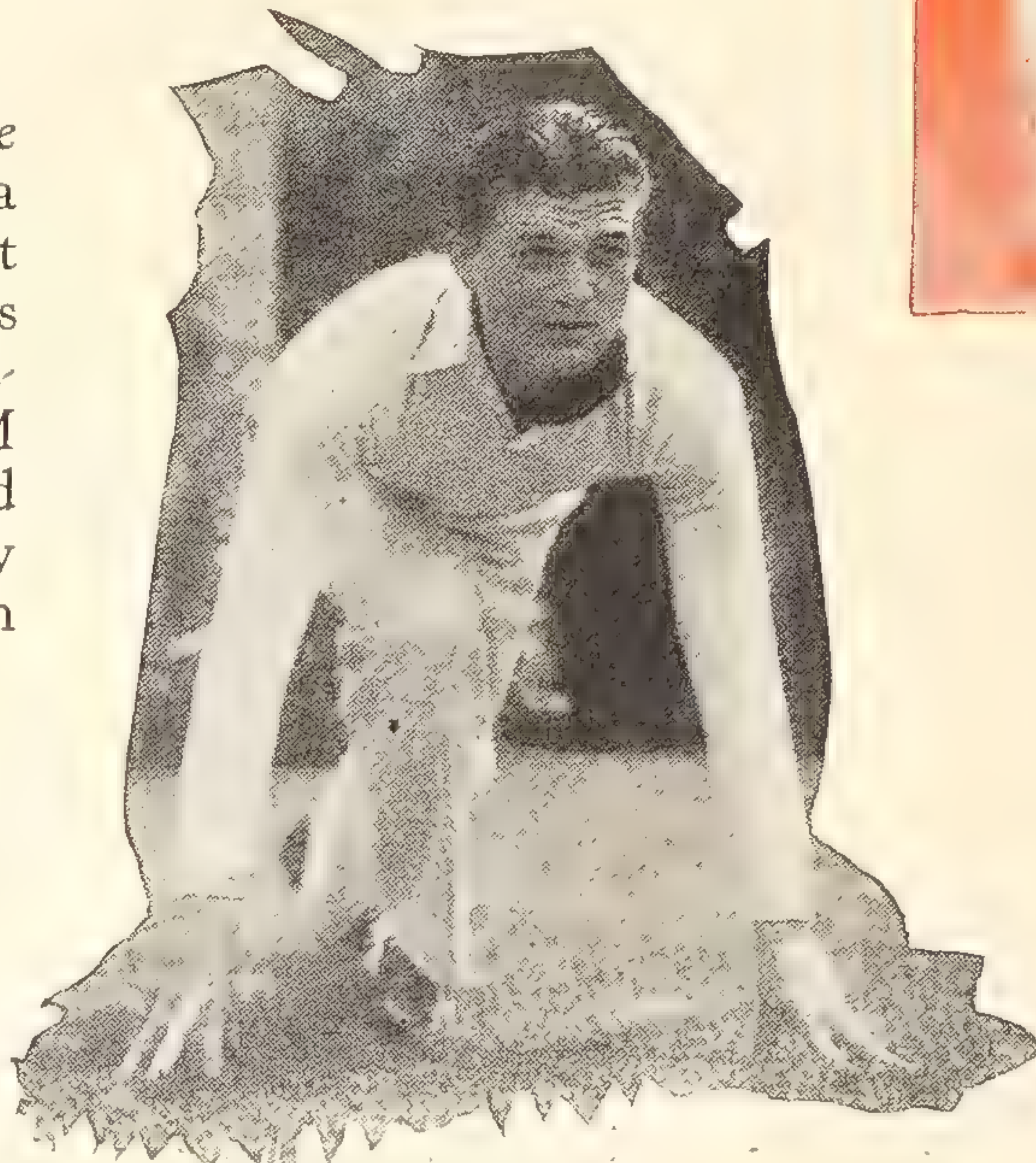
Until Josef von Sternberg made *The Salvation Hunters* this last winter on a shoestring and his courage, he was just an unknown resident of Hollywood. His remarkable work in directing this picture won him a directorial job at M-G-M where he has since been walking around with a walking stick similar to Harry Lauder's and a heavy woolen muffler in addition to conventional attire.

—O—

The famous folk in filmdom now and then like to turn the clock back for a little while. They did this at the Burbank theater in Los Angeles recently when Earl Baldwin, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, gave a dress



Q Betty Compson in a scene from her latest Paramount production, "Eve's Secret."



Q "On Your Mark — get set — Go!" Larry Kent, young F. B. O. star, was a college athlete and a crack track man a couple of years ago.



Q Colleen Moore, First National Star, is going off on a bust on Fourth of July. Colleen's next picture will be "Clarissa of the Post Road."

rehearsal of his muscular musical comedy, *Ain't Aggie Awful*.

The Burbank is now a "burleycue" house with a girly-girly show, but the list of the stars who have played before its footlights reads like a "Who's Who in Pictures." Marjorie Rambeau, Jane Cowl, Lewis Stone, David Butler, Alan Hale, Lon Chaney are samples.

When Baldwin presented *Aggie*, many stars, arrayed in much finery, attended the performance. They looked upon the premiere as a slumming party, and when ice-cream and candy were sold between the acts the audience bordered on hysteria.

Nita Naldi occupied a box in all her splendor. Her dignity was intact until a candy vendor entered it and attempted a sale. He retired amid the howls of the stars who knew of la Naldi's more or less futile attempt to regain her more or less sylphlike figure, which I like to call her banting weight.

Kathleen Key, who has brought quite a lot of continental sophistication home to Hollywood from her Ben Hurring abroad, and Jack Gilbert occupied a box. Mabel and Hugo Ballin and Enid Bennett and Fred Niblo were conspicuously present.

Rupert Hughes was master of ceremonies and, of course, had to speak and recall the time when Shakespeare held horses at the Burbank door.

Lew Cody introduced Bill Desmond. Bill Desmond used to send the hearts of the matinee maidens into palpitation when he was leading man of the Burbank dramatic stock company. How long ago? Well, Mickey Neilan was a call-boy there when Bill was the handsome hero.

—O—

A director doesn't always have his own way, not even if he is



¶ The chorus in "Pretty Ladies." This bevy is to be photographed in technicolor in the elaborate sets reproducing scenes from the New York Follies.

as big a man as Fred Niblo, who has Ben Hur-rying his way through the Lew Wallace classic.

Recently a son was born to Mrs. Niblo (Enid Bennett). Soon the selection of a name perturbed Mister and Missus. She wanted the son called Peter. He held out for either Malcolm, David or Charles, or all three. But Mother Niblo was willing to take a three-to-one chance. So all four names were written on slips of paper and put in a box. One was drawn out by a disinterested party and the name on the slip was—

"P E T E R"

And so he was christened the next day.

—O—

The world movement for reforestation is to receive impetus during the Shriners' Convention in June when Mary Pickford will plant a tree in front of the new Grauman theatre on Hollywood Boulevard in the presence of the visiting Shriners. If that tree does not flourish then there is nothing in the idea of a good start.

—O—

Herbert Rawlinson, Universal star, is the proud papa of a baby girl, born at the Good Samaritan Hospital May



¶ There is no one in the business more willing to give newcomers a chance than Elinor Glyn. At the present time she is sponsoring Harriett Hammond who played the feminine rôle in Madame Glyn's Man and Maid.

13th. The new leading lady will probably be called Sally Ann.

Her P. P. says from all that he hears his daughter will be better off in the silent drama. Herb is having a cinder path put in from the head of the bed, around by the bureau, and over to the bathroom door.

—O—

"Sally of the Sawdust" is D. W. Griffith's picture to come, and from all the names mentioned with it and with bated breath it should be well baited. Eh, what?

Carol Dempster, W. C. Fields, Alfred Lunt and the Master of all Megaphones giving the suggestions! They all worship D. W. Griffith and that will show in the picture, too.

—O—

Valentino is making his first picture for United Artists, and it will be released October first. The story has romance even before Rudy starts. It is a Spanish tale of bold rovers and their captures. Rudy is a dashing free-booter until "The Bronze Collar" of a slave is forged. They named the film after this symbol. Of course, our hero escapes and hies himself to the mountains, where he does a Robin Hood and a love theme.



Q Betty Bronson and Fred Niblo—Madonna and Director of Ben Hur.

A Press Agent Told Me So

LILYAN TASHMAN innovated an idea in Hollywood this week when she had a blue print map made showing the location of her home and how to reach it.

Miss Tashman lives in the Hollywood foothills. Her home is so well hidden by curving roads, high banks and "blind" streets that she had to draw a map each time she invited an acquaintance to call. She simplified matters with the blue print, which is just the size of a calling card and which she carries in her vanity.

* * *

ACCORDING to Raymond L. Schrock, Universal's general manager, production on "My Old Dutch" will be on a more lavish scale than anything ever done on the Universal Lot.

May McAvoy, who enacted the leading rôle of Esther in "Ben Hur," is being featured, supported by an all-star cast, including Pat O'Malley, Jean Hersholt and Cullen Landis.

"Miss McAvoy was chosen," said Schrock, "because I consider her one of the cleverest actresses on the screen today."



Q Pauline Starke, who has just completed Sun-Up and will now be starred in A Bit of Broadway.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is to do a pirate picture. He has long cherished a secret ambition to be a wicked pirate on the high seas and make life miserable for sailors and happy for movie fans. Now that "Don Q," which by the way is no relative of "Don Quixote" but a son of "Zorro," Mr. Fairbanks will begin work on "The Black Pirate," with Albert Parker as director.

* * *

Q Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beaumont and the twins. Mr. Beaumont is a director for Warner Brothers, so he's used to trouble.

THE sad life of "Mimi," heroine of "La Boheme," Puccini's great opera, will be put on the screen by Metro Goldwyn with Lil-



¶ The Big Three of *Mare Nostrum* which Rex Ingram is directing at Nice. Alice Terry was the last to arrive and she is shown here with Antonio Moreno, co-star, and her husband, Director Rex Ingram.

lian Gish as the star. After searching for weeks to find a story that would give Miss Gish a rôle suitable for her particular type, "La Bohème" was selected.

* * *

JOHN ROCHE will appear opposite Corinne Griffith in that star's next picture, "Classified." With the entire company, Roche has gone to New York City. There exteriors for the production are to be made.

Coming on the heels of his featured rôle in "Kiss Me Again," Ernst Lubitsch's new picture, Roche's new achievement promises to lift him immediately to near-stellar prominence in motion pictures.

* * *

INDIGENT ministers of America are to profit from the proceeds of "Thank You," which John Ford, director of "The Iron Horse" and "Lighting," has started to make from the John Golden stage success at the William Fox studios.

Will Hays, William Fox, John Golden and a committee from the local clergy discussed the matter with Ford a short time ago and it was decided by all interested that a goodly



¶ Carmel Myers, all bedecked to celebrate her home-coming from Italy, where she has been engaged in making Ben Hur.

share of the receipts should be placed in a fund to give aid to the unfortunate but deserving ministers.

"Thank You" is based on the life of a small town clergyman and shows how poorly rewarded are the spiritual advisers, and how they are often made objects of charity by parishioners who expect the preachers to accept their livelihood in food and clothing donations, and then say "Thank you."

Jacqueline Logan and J. Farrell MacDonald have outstanding rôles as have Alec B. Francis and George O'Brien.

* * *

A new way to reduce!

If you chance to pass the home of your favorite movie star, and see her pushing a lawn-mower around, you will know that it is a reducing exercise started by Gladys Moore, the character actress.

Mrs. Moore contends that if one must reduce — and use good exertion for it — that it is silly to do so without a two-way profit!

"You can either mow the lawn or run errands for the neighbors, and make yourself generally useful in addition to losing weight," the former society matron remarks.

Dramaland

*The theatrical season draws to a close—but
draws full houses.*

*A challenge for
Lubitsch!
Could he film "Odd
Man Out"?*

*James Gleason chews
gum, plays a lead,
and helps write two
successes.*



"IS ZAT SO"

WE know one of the funniest shows in town."

"Is Zat So?"

"Yes—'Is Zat So.' It's about a prize-fighter and his manager, who is one of the authors of the play, by the way, and just to show that he can take punishment, he also helped write 'The Fall Guy.' His name is James Gleason.

"Is Zat So" is good material for the screen, so probably James Gleason will become a movie success too.

The manager and his "pug" are broke and are taken into his sister's unhappy home by a sporting rich bachelor. They are butler and footman, and there are girls and love, misunderstandings and dirty work, sob stuff and excitement. It is good character work and slangy and entertaining all the way. It'll knock you for a row of red hot cinemamas.

☞ Anita Pam is one of the reasons why "Mercenary Mary" is so successful.

ALOMA

WE have a South Sea complex or something anyway, and so "Aloma of the South Seas" seemed to us very delightful. There is a reality to the atmosphere that is convincing. We hope its popularity is not due to a universal desire to drink "square face" and live like Jack London's people amid languorous uke-playing island girls, but it seems to us that we, personally, would have been a success "on the beach."

The performance of George Gaul is marvelous. Gallina Kopernak is delightful. The theatre is crowded and the film version will have to be wonderfully directed to equal it.

"Aloma" is a successful illustration of a point often defended in SCREENLAND—picturesqueness is better than commonplaceness.

ODD MAN OUT

ODD MAN OUT" is a very satisfactory play for sophisticates. Instead of cynicism there is a wholesome, clean feeling, intelligent understanding — understanding that humans are not all alike, and that it is never necessary to be vulgar. If the pictures could get this message over — the beauty of intelligent honesty! This would be a great film for Lubitsch to undertake. There must be a great many people who know the difference between "love and affection." That's what it's all about. Alma Tell is very charming as the "different" girl and while she is a shocking person if you think about it, she seems very possible and certainly most attractive. Lee Baker gave the whole performance a pleasant atmosphere. Perhaps a film could be made? Ask Lubitsch.

THE BRIDE RETIRES

LILA LEE, like her husband, James Kirkwood, has left the movies flat on their silver sheets and has come back to the stage in a spicy French farce presented by Henry Baron — "The Bride Retires." Lila makes a very charming, shy, little bride. It's one of those marriages of convenience, with the bride in love with her chinless cousin, and the husband having an affair with some one else's wife. Yes, as you suspected, it all comes out right in the end with the dawning of a beautiful love and understanding, tra-la-la-la. It's spicy, it's risqué, it's amusing—it's daring, yes, very daring; and we think New York will keep it going. Perhaps Lila's next screen part will give her a chance to use this newly revealed subtlety.



Q Ernest Truex and Beatrice Noyes in "The Fall Guy."



Q George Gaul as Nuitane and Vivienne Osborne as "Aloma" in "Aloma of The South Seas."

MAN or DEVIL

WITH Lionel Barrymore, the hero of many film battles, this opened at the Broadhurst Theatre and we found it a slim theme but a delightfully played and most enjoyable performance.

The characterization by Mr. Barrymore of Nicholas Snyders, who barter his soul, is one of his best studies of old age. It is old age without the monotony of affectations which lesser actors employ, and in its convincing fidelity brings to mind the marvelous scenes of brother John in "Beau Brummel."

"They SAY"

HOLLYWOOD again — sorrows, heartaches, joys, hopes — and now summer — new pictures — new people — new faces — rain gone — sun shining all over — in hearts, too — Gloria here, with the greatest reception from her old home town folks — bands, banners,



¶ Greta Nissen and Florence Vidor discuss the 1910 clothes Lois Wilson wears for "Rugged Water."

he never would be hung of his beauty. Said a woman stopped him on the street one day, closely scrutinized him and said, "Say, you got a pretty smile, anyhow." Then he told us that not so long ago a great artist painted a picture of him on a horse and the horse was so good the picture was put in an art museum. He recited a poem about himself he had written about a horse, and I'm blessed if the towncrier didn't have to choke a bit, clear his throat and pretend he had a cold before he could go on with his announcing.

The poem almost made you wish you were Bill's horse! And to be sure we'd know how terrible, awful, homely he is, Bill ended by reciting a little piece about what Jane Jones said and telling us it's purty near the same with him:

Jane Jones, she said 'at Columbus was out at the knee
When he first thought up his big scheme,
An' told the Spaniards 'nd Italians, too,
An' all of 'em said, 'twas a dream.
But Queen Isabella jest listened to him,
'Nd pawned all her jewels o' worth,
'Nd bought him the Santa Maria 'nd said,



¶ "Ride 'em, cowboy!" Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., aboard the high-stepper he will ride in "Wild Horse Mesa."

everything and everybody shouting "Welcome, Gloria!" — must have made her heart feel warm — folks leaving for New York — Colleen Moore gone to Europe — Harold Lloyd gone vacationing — Marion Nixon on her first trip to New York — everybody going and coming — laughing and happy — the Boulevard humming — the "Montmartre" buzzing — dancing — contentment — gee, it's great to be alive and kicking!

If you'd like to know us movie people a little better, tune in on us out here in Hollywood some Saturday night and see if you aren't able to get that old "Howdy, folks!" feeling about us. Last Saturday was Bill Hart night, and if Bill never "got you" in any western of his, over the air in Radioland he certainly must have. Bill introduced himself and first thing off tried to convince us that



¶ Do you remember this freckled kid a few years ago when Mickey Neilan took him under his wing? Yes, it's none other than Wesley Barry in his first love scene, with Ann May in "The Fighting Cub." He's a bear, all right!

BY MARION of HOLLYWOOD

Dame Rumor is an extra girl on every movie lot.

"to hunt up the rest o' the earth!"
"ne Jones she honestly said it was so!
Mebbe he did —

I dunno!
Perhaps it's true, and o' course it might be,
but what queen 'ud ever pawn all her jewels for me?
That's all right, Bill, the little pinto wouldn't change
a for a hundred Don Juans, and don't forget to write
down in your heart that there are a lot more of us
all the same way!

"They're always picking on us
Scotchmen or the
ovies," said Mickey
McBan to me
the other day.



Q Mary Pickford once again plays the rôle of a little girl in "Little Annie Rooney." Mary is an artist, otherwise, having just left her twenties, she would be handicapped by the decrepitude of age.

Von is "out" of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Of course, by tomorrow he may be back in again—Von's like that. Nobody knows what it's all about, or else they're not telling. There are just two things certain about this Stroheim fellow. One is that everybody is more or less afraid of him—he has that "keep-away-from-me" air about him. The other thing is that there's not an actor in Hollywood who wouldn't do anything for him.

They Say —

When Paul Bern left for New York the other day his fourteen models from *The Dressmaker From Paris* were at the station to kiss him goodby. Paul says there's a moral in this somewhere and promised a prize to the one who has the most perfect answer by the time he returns from New York. Paul, you see, is a bachelor, and his answer's most likely some gentle little knock on us married folks.

They Say —

Balto, hero of Nome, and now a star in the movies, cares not for fame and the plaudits of the multitude. They mean not a thing to him. Brought all the way

With all the gladness and joy of Gloria's return to Hollywood, hidden in the background I found a soft note of sadness. Do you remember Hattie, happy Hattie,

who originated all the head-dresses for which Gloria is famous? Perhaps you remember that a few weeks ago Hattie went on to where they say there is no pain and sorrow. In some unaccountable way Gloria hadn't heard. She hadn't been told, and from the train a day before she was to arrive in



¶ Newcomers — Dolores and Helene Costello, daughters of Maurice Costello, whose picture has been on every movie screen in the world.

Los Angeles, Gloria wired Hattie that no engagement of any kind should prevent her from being on hand to dress Gloria's hair for the grand opening of her picture in Los Angeles. With so many people clamoring for just one glimpse of Gloria, how proud Hattie must have felt in that other land to know that Gloria remembered and appreciated her.

A few short weeks ago I pleaded that we must let poor Ricardo Cortez enjoy his bachelorhood days in peace. He said he never had affixed his signature to a marriage license and didn't intend to. I take that all back. Ricardo will not deny that he and Alma Rubens are about to embark for the unknown port called Marriage. Maybe yes — maybe no, but it certainly looks as if "the Spaniard" is through with single blessedness and bachelor days.

They Say —

Milton Sills, former college professor, tells me he is going to write a history of the movies from the days of the penny slot machines to the present day of beautiful

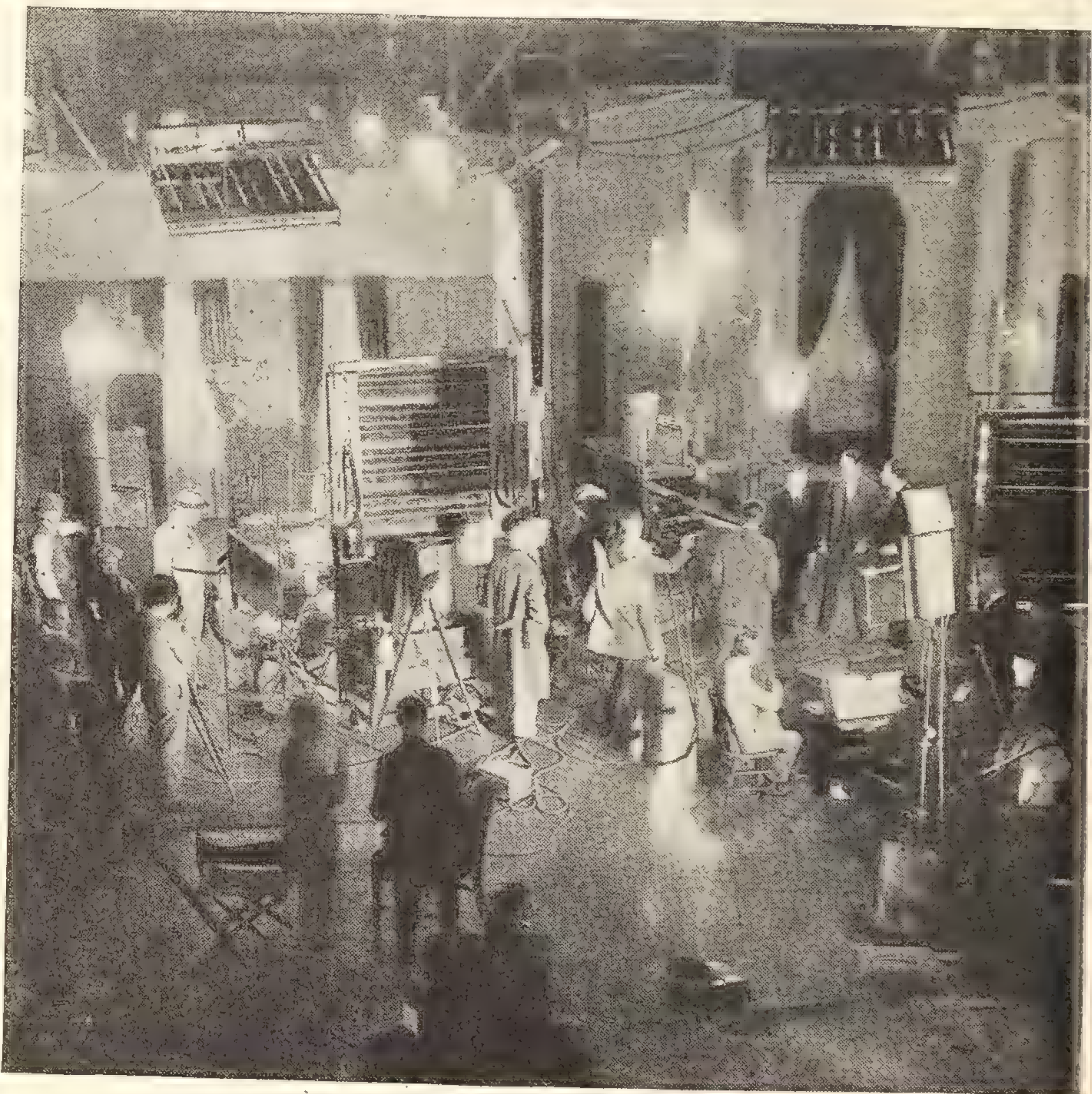


¶ Universal is making an ambidextrous sheik out of Jack Hoxie. In "Lightning Jack," his latest feature, Hoxie has two leading ladies, Olive Hasbrouck and Virginia Bradford.

houses of entertainment. It sounds very good. Milton can write as well as he can act, he might as well publish two or three editions of the book right off the bat.

The passing of this spring month of sunshine and flowers marks with it the passing of one of the screen's best friends and an actor we shall tremendously miss. David Powell, of the dark eyes and shining hair, has gone to that puzzling land we call the Hereafter. Suddenly, without warning, he left. A true gentleman has gone away, and, as Junior said, "We needed him."

The Talmadge sisters have had a party — you might call it three in one. Norma, Constance and Natalie have birthdays within two weeks of each other. Nowadays it's very fine to make one party out of three, but for three little bits of girls, what a terrible cross to have to bear!



¶ Two Warner Brothers' companies: Left—Rockcliffe Fellowes and Alec B. Francis in "Rose of the World," Harry Beaumont directing. Right—Millard Webb directing Huntly Gordon in "The Golden Cocoon."



Q Edward Everett Horton, the "beggar" in James Cruze's production for Paramount's "Beggar on Horseback."

"Hot-Boilt," "Reet-ey," and "Swell" — Only Greta Nissen's proud vocabulary of slang, easily learned and easier remembered. Greta has recently come to Hollywood from Norway, and the use she puts to these three beautiful slang words is astounding. Whether they fit or not, whenever or wherever possible, Greta uses them. They make her feel so "homey," she says, and "are so boo-tyful." What we Americans get away with!



Q Corinne Griffith and her company making "Modern Madness" in a beautiful peach orchard in California. Miss Griffith, center, with Al Santell, her director, playing the violin in the right foreground. Harrison Ford with his mouth-organ in rear right.

I don't know if Doug, Senior, has heard it or not, but at Paramount's Convention headquarters the other day Jesse L. Lasky introduced young Doug as "one of the finest young boys I have ever met." Doug was visibly confused, blushed a glowing pink, and couldn't utter a word. Later, however, he told a friend of his that he was prouder of that statement than if Mr. Lasky had said he was the greatest actor on the screen. I hope Doug, Senior, hears about it. It's funny the way fathers puff up at things like that about their sons!

They Say —

The saddest line in Hollywood is "Oh, they cut my best stuff out. I had a nice little part — lots of good acting." And the worst of it all is that it's true, even though it does get to be funny. I met an old friend of mine up on the Boulevard the other day — a nice old fellow and one of those real actors who never "got a chance." I had seen him in a photoplay the night before, and he had had some very good scenes. I knew I could please him by speaking about it.

"Say, Mark, saw you in a picture last night. Great stuff! Had a nice little part." . . . And then the old inevitable:

"Yes? Really like it? Say, when I saw that picture it pretty near broke my heart! Why, they cut most of me out. Had a nice little part — some great scenes with Ramon. But what can you do?"

There you have it — "The Face on the Cutting-Room Floor" — which spells heartache, lost hope, another try, and more faith than this old world of ours ever dreams of.

They Say —

Alan Hale may not be going to direct Rudolph Valentino as planned, but he's going to stay in the family just the same. Mrs. Valentino may be forced to keep away from the production of her husband's pictures, but that doesn't mean she has to keep out of pictures. Three cheers for Mrs. Valentino! She's going to have her own producing unit; she's going to make two reel, fantastical productions of her own; she's even going to do some of the acting herself; and Alan Hale will direct. You can't keep the smart sex down!

From the Fox Studio the other day came a hurry call for me to rush as on wings over to the studio as they were about to shoot a scene in which the largest number of extras ever employed were to be used — 250,000. I hardly breathed in order to get there before they should disband. Two hundred and fifty thousand! I had never seen so many people assembled in one place at the same

time. I got there minus mites of clothing, and then came the catch! When I get the press agent who gave me the rush-act to see 250,000 honey-bees work as extras in "Lightnin'," there'll be more than lightnin' in the air! It would have been all right if the 250,000 had been good actors — but they weren't. They got too tired and wanted to sit down too often for good work.



Q "The script says you've got to be wet, Jackie, so you may as well submit to it peaceably." And so saying, Svend Gade, directing Jacqueline Logan in "Peacock Feathers," followed the script.

Two Anita Stewart



*Especially posed by Anita Stewart
for*
SCREENLAND

Photographs by
IRA L. HILL

THEY are such charming little frocks that we asked Anita Stewart to let us name them after her. We were sure that the many, many girls who love her on the screen will want to dress in Anita Stewart dresses and arrangements have been made with the manufacturers to supply these through the SCREENLAND Shopping Service.

The dresses come to you all cut out, everything done but stitching the pieces together. They can be finished by you within two hours either by hand or machine.

Screenland Shopping Service, 236 West 55th Street, New York City, will be glad to buy for you any of these attractive frocks. Send check or money-order, together with size and color desired.

Q "Anita Stewart Dress"
Model 206 Semi-Made

In crepe de chine or English broadcloth. The drawn work is all done by hand and follows the youthful lines of the dress itself. Fine ball pearl buttons and hand-made loops down the front of the waist. Convertible collar.

Crepe de Chine—Blonde, Lanvin Green, Poudre Blue, Navy and Black.
\$9.98

Broadcloth—Copen, Corn and Lanvin Green.
\$4.98

Dresses for JULY

¶ If you would like to look like Anita Stewart, get a semi-made dress with the style already in it.



¶ "Anita Stewart Dress"
Model 208 Semi-Made
Simplicity at its best is this frock cut from a very fine quality voile. The beautiful drawn work and embroidery, which hardly shows in Miss Stewart's picture, is all done by hand. A real Irish hand-made collar and Irish crochet edging on the cuffs.
Sizes 14 to 20; 34 to 44.
Colors
Copen, Corn, Tea Rose, Orchid and Lanvin Green.
\$3.98

¶ A side view of Model 206 in crepe de chine. The dress is cut to your size, the drawn work and embroidery done, the pearl buttons and hand-made loops furnished, so that all you have to do is put it together and turn up your hem—and presto!—you look like this!



*I thank you, dear Screenland,
from my heart for only thro
you have I been given the
opportunity which so rarely
comes in life. I only hope, that
under the supervision of such
a wonderful director as Mr. Terriss
I shall be able to justify the
confidence he has shown in me.*

*Sincerely yours
Jeanne Lorraine*

Q Jeanne Lorraine, the winner of the Tom Terriss contest, conveys her thanks to SCREENLAND.

Some New Films

(Continued from page 48)

drop a gentle hint. In the final close-up, Billy says to little Mary Brown—"Yes, you are going to go straight—to the minister." As for all the other "birds"—they are "jail birds" now.

Owen Moore plays the part of Billy Rhodes. He couldn't help being Al, with Mary Carr for a mother. Gladys Hulette is lovely as the Nightingale, and all of the supporting cast are good. If you like crook pictures, our advice is—go straight to this show.

* * *

HERE comes Bob Custer again, everybody, in the fifth of his Texas Ranger Stories—*The Texas Bearcat*. Sounds like a bear of a picture—eh, wot? Bob Custer is right there on the click of the camera, wide sombrero, flashing eye and all.

In the story he takes the part of Dave Sethman, the supposed half-breed son of old man Sethman, owner of vast cattle lands. To this ranch country comes wealthy John Crawford, planning a revenge. He's got not only a bone to pick with this old man Sethman, but a whole skeleton. With him comes his daughter Jean, and his secretary Watson. Jean, played by Sally Rand, is a beauty. But we can't say that much for Watson. He's a four-lettered word spelling—F-O-O-L. To most of us, playing the fool at some time or other, comes pretty easy, but we imagine it a bit hard doing it in reel life. So here's our hat off to the guy, Jack Richardson in this case, who gets the laughs whether he wants them or not. We are almost sure that being a simp isn't so simple.

It must be fierce falling in love with the son of your father's worst enemy. But that's what Jean does. It would go hot at our house if Oscar fell in love with our landlord's daughter, unless the rent came down as the result of it. There's no such luck. Our landlord is a bachelor.

When Jean refuses to see Dave Sethman again, he thinks it is because she knows he

is a half-breed. So you can guess how happy he is to find out in the last chapter that he is no Indian after all, but John Crawford's son. That makes him in love with his own sister. Tough luck—until the father of Dave, and the foster father of Jean, unties all the knots so that the nuptial knot can be tied instead.

P. S.—We forgot to say that Crawford gets his revenge.

* * *

ALIAS MARY FLYNN is an honest-to-goodness crook drama, and, what is regular Desmond wow. The old story of the West done in a new way. And as full of unexpected turns as a shark, and each turn happens to be a bit more exciting than the last.

From the beginning to end there isn't a dull moment. I didn't have to look to see if Oscar was awake or not—and besides, I couldn't spare the time. It's mostly about Nancy, a young crook of the Underworld. She's as hard-boiled as any of them. The cops get on her trail. But for the timely assistance of John Everett she would have stood up to the handcuffs. But Everett takes her to his beautiful home and offers her a chance to go straight if she wants to. Under the name of Mary Flynn she meets Tom Everett, the son, and since Tom is played by Malcolm MacGregor, do you wonder that Mary falls in love with him? We would ourselves. William Mong takes the part of the father, and he certainly looked the kindly, generous soul—he was supposed to be. We have a good hunch that William Mong would be the real sort to know. Mary is grateful to him for all his goodness to her and when the time comes for her to repay it, she doesn't sneak out the back door with the family heirlooms. She doesn't even run off with the son. What she really does will make you sit up and take notice. And maybe it won't leave you with a mist of tears in your eyes.

* * *

THE MEDDLER is the latest thriller featuring William Desmond, and it is more, it features Evelyn Brent. It's all

about priceless gems—the Turk's ruby, an Oriental emerald, and a perfect pearl of a girl. This is the first picture we have seen starring Evelyn Brent, and we certainly hope it won't be the last. She's got the double-barrelled personality—Beauty and Brains. She knows how to grip the heart without spilling her tears all over the premises. We hope she always has the luck to get as good a story as this one.

Here's Bill Desmond all dressed up as Richard Gilmore. There's nothing really wrong with Gilmore excepting that he has too much money—and nerves. For a weak constitution one is as bad as the other. Like all millionaires, Gilmore has a fiancée. But this one isn't after his money, for she decides to turn him down, and all because he isn't romantic enough. Do you get that? Head over heels in love and not in the least romantic about it. Gilmore goes out West in search of Romance. He's like a lot of folks who go out on a quest for Happiness, when they don't know how to find it on their front doorstep.

Out West, Gilmore soon puts the "man" in Romance. He holds up the Red Gulch stage and meets the one passenger, Gloria Canfield, ably played by Dolores Rousay. He doesn't know it at first, but she stages a hold-up all her own—for his heart. The town sheriff, who does everything but, is out on Gilmore's trail since he is known everywhere as *The Meddler*. But it takes the make-believe bandit to round up the real law-breakers. Just how it does it makes this thrilling photo play. And you'll find out in the final close-up whether his old girl takes him back—or the new girl takes him on.

Vilma Banky

(Continued from page 49)

cently rid herself of eighteen pounds; but on leaving for California Miss Banky still had ten pounds to go. (Literally, ten pounds to go.) Continental women, it seems, may be a bit plumper than their American cousins and still be acclaimed beauties. Miss Banky describes the difference by holding up a charming little finger: "In America," she says, "one mus' be lik' dees."

Accompanying the Hungarian screen star on her long journey from Budapest to Hollywood were two quaint character dolls, Bubi and Lily. One is a very masculine-looking boy in a sailor suit and the other is a chubby, naïve Fraulein who Miss Banky laughingly declares should also be limited to lamb chops and pineapple. But the strangest thing about these strange companions is that they are being carried along for company and not for publicity, as is the case with so many mascots; for their fair mistress took the Gotham newspapermen completely off their feet, when she arrived at our portals, by absolutely shunning interviewers and photographers and by declaring that she had positively nothing of interest to say.

Miss Banky's first picture in America will be the film version of "The Dark Angel," in which she will appear opposite Ronald Colman. George Fitzmaurice, who will direct the production, took his prospective directee to see Patricia Collinge in the part before the play closed its New York run at the Longacre Theatre. Asked if she thought, while watching the play, of any way in which she would change certain scenes, Miss Banky smiled and admitted, through an interpreter, that she expected to make a great many changes.

How To Make a Million Dollars

(Continued from page 36)

These articles range from pins to satin and from film to door knobs. Each one of them is absolutely essential and must be in stock before we can turn a crank." He pointed to another list. "Right at the present, I am endeavoring to find efficient heads for twenty different departments, each of which must be filled and operating with from four to two hundred associates each before a single foot of film can be made.

"There must be a cashier and an auditor to handle finances. A casting director is necessary to winnow out the competent and able players from among the five thousand names of actors and actresses which we have on file. A purchasing agent is necessary to buy our materials in bulk and to save money through a businesslike method of handling supplies. A transportation manager is most essential. This man must handle scores of cars to take people to and from location, not to speak of tractors and trucks for handling studio equipment and supplies. There must be a head painter, a man who can tell you instantly how much paint it will require to cover a given set and how much it will cost.

"Our head electrician is in charge of a 7000-ampere plant sufficient to light a good size small town. He has in his possession, for his use, something over three hundred different lamps. There is, of course, a head of the property department, the man, who, when the studio is going full blast, will handle over twelve thousand different articles, running from crutches to guns and from finger-bowls to oil paintings. And before we start a camera turning, an expert portrait photographer must take hundreds of pictures of all our various players to be used in the advertising, which is prepared well in advance.

"The matter of an efficient janitor is in itself one that requires very careful consideration. Careless sweeping up at night, the raising of too much dust in the vicinity of delicate film or expensive fabrics can cause immense losses. Such matters as these do not have to be considered in the making of commodities like tin cans or iron boats.

"We could all be out of a job tomorrow if it were not for the presence of the chief of our studio fire department who has a number of men under him trained to man stand-pipes and hoses located throughout the studio and to operate a stationary pump which can throw the entire contents of a pool fifty-five feet by thirty-two feet and six feet deep anywhere in the plant on ten seconds' notice.

"Clothes also will be needed before our first picture can be made. Our general manager, Fred Kley, has had placed in order some twenty-five electrical sewing machines which will soon be busily at work under the guidance of Mademoiselle Dallett of France, a trained costume designer.

"These matters are all purely physical. Now we come to the intellectual side of the studio. Not a wheel can be turned before stories have been bought after being carefully read by our reading department under Mrs. E. K. Adams, and turned over to production editors, Bertram Millhauser and Elmer Harris, who assign scenario



Harriet Hammond and Lew Cody in "Man and Maid."



The "Man and Maid" a little later. The spirit of Elinor Glyn is particularly adaptable to interpretation by the movies.

writers to put them in what we call 'continuity form.'

"Even then the stories cannot be handed over to a director until they have been discussed thoroughly with Mrs. Elizabeth McGaffey, the head of our research department who has tabulated thousands of books, cross-indexed, so that on short notice she can instantly turn to articles about customs of any nation and to pictures showing activities in a thousand different walks of life.

"Then of course there is a directorial department. Now we are getting down to about the only phase of this business that the public really ever comes to know anything about. The director is the man who takes all of these various physical departments, matches them with his story, adds in the works of stars and supporting players, and turns out a product which is a finished entertainment.

"Stars such as Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque and featured players of the character of Vera Reynolds, Lillian Rich, Robert Edeson, Edmund Burns, Helene Sullivan, and Robert Ames have names which, when presented in front of the theatre, together with the names of such directors as Frank Urson, Paul Iribe, Paul Sloan and Rupert Julian, or such writers as Jeanie MacPherson and Beulah Marie Dix, will stimulate the sale of tickets for that attraction. But before the attraction can be shown and before the value of the names of these various individuals can operate, there must be organized a physical 'factory' which shall be geared to take charge of a thousand small, burdensome, sometimes irritating details, all of which are essential to a good motion picture. It probably never entered your mind, for instance, that to make the set you see on the screen, very great care is taken to get the right color of paint—hours may be spent testing a certain color with lights and cameras. Why is all of this care necessary? Simply because if that paint took dark when we wanted light, or light when it should be dark to conform with the style of the costumes and the tenor of the situations, we might create an effect which would destroy the whole value of the work done by the players or the clever situations incorporated by the writers.

"There must also be a publicity and advertising department. The department here, under the direction of Barrett C. Kiesling, must, with its staff, send out material each week on our activities to the various publications interested in motion picture doings. Likewise this department must supply all salesmen with data concerning our pictures which will aid in selling our product to the theatre owners. Also this department must prepare pictures and data for all of the newspaper advertising and billboard posters which are distributed throughout the world after a picture has left this studio and is offered for public approval."

This explanation by Cecil B. De Mille tells a story which has been repeated in the case of every great film company. Many enterprising stars and directors have started out to produce "on their own" only to be licked by this bugbear of the background of infinite details.

Attention to details—that is the secret back of the big successes. So, if you are planning to make your million in the motion-picture business, it is the capacity of your brain to focus on small things—this is the chief requisite to success.

The Wanderer—Continued from page 33

and when he came back, tired, dirty, torn, scared and crying, she gathered him in and sent up a little prayer that he'd always come back. He was only a baby, but twenty years from now he'd still be a baby, and if he'd only always come back—tired, dirty, torn, scared—or anything—she'd take him to her; she'd wash his hands and give him rest; with joy in her heart, she'd kill the fatted calf.

That's "The Wanderer." That's the story of the little boy, grown broader and taller, but still dreaming of the great things on the next street that he couldn't see. It's the story of every boy, from half past two on, from the days before Christ when this earth first started, until that day comes when there'll be no more earth.

That's Raoul Walsh's idea of "The Wanderer" as he is directing it for Paramount. He will make it big. He will make it mighty. He will have it carry a tremendous message all around this vast world of ours.

"I am making it a story of Biblical times only as far as the costumes and settings are concerned," Mr. Walsh said to me. "They make it picturesque and seem to bring home the good old story of the Bible in a deeper and more tender way. The story is simple, the Bible folks were gentle, and the whole atmosphere of that day is soft. Do you understand what I mean?"

I did understand. Mr. Walsh went on. He was living his story as he would direct it and give it to us to live.

"And the boy—I call him 'the boy' to myself, always. The boy is so young, so full of youth and so dreamy: I can feel him, somehow. Life is before him—the fields are so dull, and the flocks are so lazy and the days are so long—something must happen! He must get away. That call of youth, that inevitable thing is upon him."

I understood. I thought of Junior, with the lions and tigers on the next street. They must all "get away"!

"I have chosen William Collier, Jr., for my boy," Walsh continued. "He has that far-away look in his eyes. Have you ever noticed? Can't you picture him tending his flocks, looking to the hills beyond, every part of him crying out to go? He's sick of the tedious farm life! There must be something marvelous beyond those maddening hills if he could only get there. That's my boy—William Collier—with his softness, his lovable weakness and his impetuous youth. He must carry my message to every son, to every father and every mother."

"Kathlyn Williams plays my mother. I have lots of faith in a mother. She knows her son the way no one else does, and largely on account of her my boy will come home."

Mr. Walsh paused. Kathlyn Williams, in her quiet manner, walked across the set, waiting just long enough to tell me "hello." There she was—the mother of "The Wanderer," the Prodigal Son. Strange that she should be playing this role of the wandering boy's mother. Just five years ago her boy—her only boy—went away, never to come back again. Kathlyn Williams could certainly play Mr. Walsh's mother. Her understanding might be even too deep.

"So he tends his flocks. The days are more tedious, and the dreaming more dreamy. His older brother tyrannizes, the fair Tisha passes on the way to the marvelous city, and my boy must go." Mr. Walsh pulled me a little closer. "Do you

blame him? Can't you feel the fever of youth and adventure in his blood? Don't you see he had to go?"

"Oh, hello there! How are you today?" I looked around. Walsh smiled. It was his father, come all the way from New York City to watch his big son film a great picture.

"We're talking about the picture," I said. "Pretty big task your son has undertaken. Do you think he can do it?"

Could he do it? I might as well have asked him if dogs bark. Fathers think awful funny things about THEIR sons!

"So my boy goes. He gets his portion and leaves for the city, head held high, money in his pocket, and youth in his heart."

"I take him to 'A City.' I give it no name, no time, and no place. Do you see what I mean? He might be ANY boy in ANY age, going to ANY place. He might be your boy or my boy. But he's basically good! He means no harm. He was made that way."

Crash! Bang! Seemingly there wasn't a quiet spot in the studio.



Flora Finch—a sincere actress with a host of friends.

The Horoscope Contest is now being determined by Miss Jane Carleton. The screen part offered by First National Pictures will be announced probably in the August issue.

"That's all right," laughed Walsh. "They won't let anything fall on you. They're tearing down the set where we just finished shooting. It was the abode of Tisha, the wicked vampire, who, with the aid of Tola—Ernest Torrence—leads my silly boy astray and carries him on and on to ruin. Greta Nissen plays Tisha. She's very wicked, this Tisha. Like most vampires, she leads him on, spends all his money, ruins him, and then falls into the arms of her next victim. It was that way long ago and it looks as if that's the way it's always going to be. Have you met Tisha? If you have I think you'll likely fall into the net yourself."

Yes, I've met Greta Nissen and the net is drawing tighter every time I see and speak to her. She's Hollywood's latest sensation. As the Hollywood saying goes, she's "got it."

"Of course my boy is beaten. They always are. His money goes and he is ready to cheat, to lie—anything for Tisha. He is losing—losing. He would sell his soul for her!"

Walsh took a deep breath.

"But that's where I figure his mother comes in. In all his wanderings, through all his weaknesses and youthful worldliness, his mother has his soul. He has wished and yearned for a sight of her. I feel him wanting her. Tisha has thrown him from her; the whole crowd turns away from him and spurns him; his father's dowry is spent and even he might not welcome him; but his mother—she has his soul. She never failed him, and she never will."

That's the story as Raoul Walsh told it to me. It's the old Biblical story of the Prodigal Son who leaves his home, comes back tired, beaten and disgraced, but finds the fatted calf ready for him just the same.

Mr. Walsh went on and told me of the unlimited resources Paramount has given him with which to make the picture. Any player in the country is his for the asking. Such confidence has the company in him that his word is absolute law.

"I am giving our moving picture fans one of the greatest casts ever assembled for one production," said Walsh. "It has meant more work than you would think, because I insisted on tests to be sure that the atmosphere of the old Biblical days was carried out by my players. In addition to Ernest Torrence, William Collier, Jr., and Kathlyn Williams, is Wallace Beery, who plays the part of the father; George Rigas who plays the tyrannizing brother. Even 'bits' in the picture will be done by such well-known people as Raymond Hatton and Holmes Herbert. You see, I want this to be my very greatest effort, the best that is in me, and my message of faith to the world."

"Yes," I thought on the way home, "we all do need that message of faith."

I reached our own street. There was the other prodigal, half past two instead of half past twenty-two, playing on his own front stoop, the wanderings of the morning completely forgotten. The lady next door said he ought to be spanked, so he wouldn't forget so soon. I said so, too, so he wouldn't go away again. But his mother—his mother said she didn't care how many times he went away as long as he always came back home to her again. And I guess that's why he always does come back.

Before They Were Famous

(Continued from page 30)

I brought her succor — via the bathroom. Viewing my acquaintance with Rudolph Valentino in retrospect I find that the quality which made most lasting impression on me was his imperturbable good-nature. His disposition was what is sometimes tiresomely described as "sunny." Such refreshingly evenness would scarcely be expected in one who combined, as he did, both the Latin and the artistic temperaments. Yet this does not mean that he was lacking in spirit; on the contrary, be it said, he was astonishingly sane and normal in all respects, possessing literally no bad habits. He neither smoked nor drank to speak of. Unlike so many persons nowadays he was never "dying for a drink"; the cocktail hour had no charms for him. He relished a glass of champagne or some good still wine with his dinner and a liqueur afterward. That was all. He was as popular with men as with women — an excellent sign.

Among other things I remember that he was constantly singing an Italian song called "Mamma Mia" in a very agreeable baritone voice. I never hear the song that do not think of him. He frequently wrote to his mother in Italy — long, interesting letters in a flowing, foreign hand, from which he sometimes read me extracts.

Somewhere recently I read some anecdotes concerning Valentino in which the raconteur mentioned that he enjoyed remaining in bed in the morning. I did not need to read further to be convinced of the authenticity of the article. He did. Money was scarce and time was valuable, yet I visualize him most often as sitting, pajama-clad, in a great tulipwood bed, telephoning with the most superb insouciance to Sarah or Mary or Jane — I never could keep track of them — and the hour never earlier than noon.

Poor Rudolph's English was not always certain in those days and he sometimes became greatly confused. On one occasion we were sitting at supper in a restaurant with a party of friends when I noticed the waiter bringing Valentino glass after glass of water until finally his plate was quite surrounded. Rudolph was plainly enraged.



Overcome by her feminine charm, John Douglas (Ronald Colman) renews his wooing of Carla King (Blanche Sweet) in the George Fitzmaurice production "His Supreme Moment."

It finally developed that it was not ice-water that he wished but a water ice. Just the simple reversal of the order of two little words — but what a difference!

The last time that I saw Rudolph before he became a celebrity was outside the Biltmore where I had gone to view the filming of a scene in a picture that Maurice and Florence Walton were making. It was to be done in the Cascades, on the roof of the hotel. As I started to enter the building a taxi drew up at the curb and Rudolph descended, very gorgeously attired, carrying a makeup box. He informed me that he was doing some "extra" work for the experience, as he intended taking up picture work. He had already attained some reputation as a dancer.

When we arrived at the Cascades, which was set for the conventional "ball-room scene," I noticed that the tables lining the dancing circle were occupied by a number of celebrities, friends of the stars, who were doing this "extra" work by way of a

lark. There were one or two foreigners of title, I remember; several persons prominent in society, and a few well-known actors and actresses. But the oblivious and unimpressed director assigned Rudolph to a table remote and obscure. When I viewed the picture some time later I discovered that Rudolph Valentino, whose fame was soon to eclipse totally and completely that of each and every one of those smiling so proudly from the screen, was no more than an inconspicuous blur.

Prunella is still alive, spending her declining years on an estate in the country. She is ancient, yet — a veritable feline Recamier or Ninon d'Enclos — lovely in her old age. She narrows her topaz eyes when she hears of Valentino and the lovelorn maids who pursue him. For she, of them all, probably, has been encircled by his arms; and in her ears alone has a musical Italian voice murmured "Prunella," rolling the l's as only an Italian can. Prunella has lived.

The First Thing I Notice About a Man—Continued from page 29

By Corinne Griffith

I LIKE a man to be well-groomed, so perhaps that's why I notice first whether or not a man's shoes are shined, or his clothes pressed, or his collar clean. Maybe I don't notice the separate things, but merely the general effect.

I don't like a man to be effeminate, but simply to be neat — well-kept hands, fresh handkerchief, not to need a shave.

I often hear people talk about the he-men of the widely advertised open spaces, but I'm afraid I'd just as soon all such men were somebody else's darlings — not mine!

By Florence Vidor

I NOTICE mouths.

I think mouths are the most interesting feature because they can't be controlled and made to give a false impression. There is, you know, a definite psychology of mouths.

People used to judge a man and his character by his eyes, but nowadays we have all become so wise about them that we can look any one right in the face, with

our eyes big and innocent, or straightforward and perhaps terribly hurt, and say: "Why no, I didn't do it!" when all the time we did! We've trained our eyes to appear truthful even when we're not so truthful ourselves.

But we can't train our mouths. No one can control those little give-away muscles around the corners of his mouth. No one can alter in a moment the habitual twist or droop or curl that tells so very, very much about the real man.

So the first thing I look at when I meet a man is his mouth!

By Virginia Brown Faire

I NOTICE his height.

It doesn't mean anything special to me after I've noticed it, but — there you are!

I think to myself: "He must be six-foot-two at the very least!" or "I don't believe he's a bit taller than I am!" automatically.

Maybe back in the dark ages when we all lived in caves and women didn't know enough to bob their hair and avoid its being

used as a handle we got into the habit of looking to see how tall the gentlemen were and measuring ourselves to them — for don't tell me we didn't occasionally hit back!

Whatever the reason, a man's inches are the first thing I see when we meet.

By Norma Talmadge

PERSONALITY is such an overworked word that I hate to put it down as the first thing I notice about a man — but it's the truth.

I never pay any attention to his looks, his age or his apparel. It's the something behind the eyes, behind the "front" he's built up to show the world, that I look for.

Sometimes, it seems to leap out at me at once — a sort of spirit-to-spirit response that makes me know at once that I shall like him, or that I shall not! Sometimes, I must talk with him before I can tell.

Brains may have something to do with it, for I like men with brains. Facile charm has no wearing quality — it's like cheap satin. A brilliant mind is like a fine stone whose value is enhanced by time.

GRAY HAIR

Is Not Necessary

You are only
as old as you
look!

Wm. J. Brandt's
Liquid

**EAU DE
HENNA**

Hair Color
Restorer



will cover gray hair in 10 to 30 minutes so that you would not know it ever was gray. It is liquid. One application with a toothbrush does it all. No pack. No mess.

You get the natural color. No one will suspect your hair has been dyed. Leaves it soft and lustrous—no dead color—no streaks—no spots—just a uniform color.

ANYONE CAN PUT IT ON

It will not rub off. It stays on several months. Shampooing, sea bathing, sun, permanent waving, curling or straightening iron—nothing takes it off.

You can cover any gray no matter how stubborn or how caused. It also takes at the roots.

Wonderful For Touching Up

You can put it on just where needed. Can be used over other dyes or where powdered hennas have been used. Does not break the hair. Does not interfere with permanent waving.

Full directions in each box in English and Spanish. Colors: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Blond, Auburn (in ordering please state color desired). Price \$2.50, C. O. D. \$2.65.

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14-DAY TREATMENT FREE

If you send a DIME toward expenses. (A Large Aluminum Box of my Wonder Cream included.) Plain wrapper. IS IT WORTH 10c TO YOU? If not, your dime back by first mail. Address NOW, with ten cents only.

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El Paso, Texas



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

BETTY COMPSON

Q Has the leading feminine rôle in James Cruze's next production, "The Pony Express."

Jeanne Lorraine is Selected

(Continued from page 21)

he had ever had to eliminate six of them. In addition to the five final selections reproduced herewith there was a Miss Marjorie Shaw and a Miss Ethel Phoenix, both from New York City. The others, as you notice, were from widely separated points—Albany; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Cleveland, Ohio; Stamford, Conn., and Wilmette, Illinois. After much deliberation the Chief eliminated the two New York girls, and then he was up against it.

I sat and watched him gaze first at one and then at another of the remaining five while he pointed out to me the various reasons why his selection had narrowed down to these five. And from his remarks I gathered that it would have been a blessing could there have been five winners. But rules are rules in a contest so the Chief went on with the elimination process to try to find just one winner. And that proved to be no easy task. He finally decided that either Miss Ella Landré of Wilmette, Illinois, or Miss Jeanne Lorraine of Stamford, Connecticut, would be the winner, but could not decide definitely unless he interviewed both of them and made a screen test of them; that is, photographed them at a studio and saw how they looked on the screen. So Miss Landré came on to New York from Wilmette and Miss Lorraine came on from Stamford. The Chief took the necessary tests at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio on Long Island. After viewing them both on the screen, he decided that Miss Lorraine possessed the shade better photographic qualities, and he judged her the winner. But it certainly was a nip and tuck race and a mighty difficult job for Mr. Terriss to make his final selection.

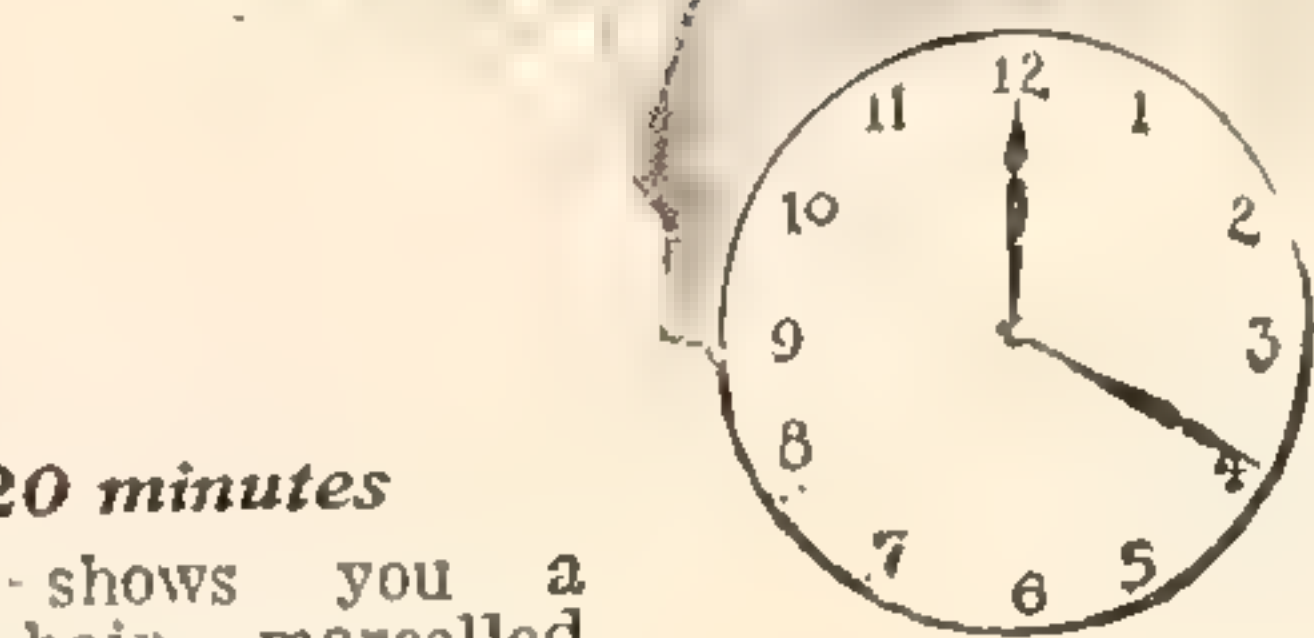
The winner, Miss Jeanne Lorraine, is a little American girl, born in Brussels, Belgium, and to her the winning of this contest is her first real opportunity in a life of many trials and heartaches and we hope she makes good when she plays her first part in a real motion picture production. She was left all alone in the world by losing both her parents in the Titanic disaster and since then her life has not been an easy one. She is only nineteen now, and any young girl knows that her battle against life at that age is not a bed of roses. Some friends raised her after her heartbreaking loss until she was able to go to work, and then she tried several things, which all seemed to be a terrific struggle. She even went to Honduras as a nurse in the hospital down there and stuck it out for a year although the heat was almost more than she could bear. And she finally had to give it up and return to the United States. It was only by chance that she saw this Opportunity Contest. She was standing by a newsstand waiting for a car and idly turned the pages of SCREENLAND. Her eye caught the heading, "Chance in the Movies"—"Here is your opportunity." I suppose her mirror had told her how she looked, but at any rate she bought a copy and entered the contest, with the result that she now has what she terms her first real opportunity to try to make good in something that may lead to a very brilliant and remunerative future.

And I certainly hope she does make good and that once again the Destiny Eye of Tom Terriss may prove to have lost none of its penetrating power of selection.



And in 20 minutes

your mirror shows you a new head of hair—marcelled and curled as you like it best; with a natural wave that no artificial beauty-parlor process could possibly duplicate.



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

Makes any hair beautifully curly in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

By Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the touseled-hair twins.

Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing or, worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.



A Matchless Marcel

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodbye and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"Hija mia," he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. Digamelo (tell me) senorita, what is your heart most desires?"

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'"

"Oigame, senorita," he said—"Many years ago—a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted los pelos rizos (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of pesos to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the Droguero. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls."

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me."

At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place."

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later, as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke, I hardly dared look in my mirror fearing it had all been a dream. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was curly and beautiful.

For a long time I kept the secret to myself, but I felt that all women should be given this remarkable beauty aid. So it has been made available through the Century Chemists. They have agreed to act as distributors under a most liberal trial offer, which makes this new found beauty secret available to all women, regardless of their financial status.



Lovely Curls

Now the golden opportunity is yours. You no longer have to spend large sums of money in beauty shops, or endanger your hair by "permanent waves," for this remarkable Spanish Curling Fluid, called "Wave-Sta" will bring you beautifully curly hair in 20 minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful a week or more.

Don't delay another minute. Take advantage of this liberal trial offer now and always have the beautiful curly hair you want.

Liberal Trial Offer

(Only One Bottle to a Family)

For a limited time, we are offering a full size bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Curling Fluid) at a price that covers only the cost of compounding, advertising and selling, which we figured down to \$1.97. (Please remember that this is a special offer for new users only and we cannot fill more than one order for each family at this price.) If you are not perfectly delighted with results after using "Wave-Sta" for 5 days, simply return the unused portion and your money will be refunded.

Under the terms of special trial offer you do not have to send any money in advance. Simply sign and mail the coupon. Then when the postman brings this remarkable beauty aid, just pay him \$1.97, plus a few cents postage, and your hair worries are ended forever.

This offer may not be repeated. Remember, we take all the risk. If "Wave-Sta" doesn't make your hair beautifully curly, give it new life, new lustre, new silky sheen, all you have to do is notify us and your money will be returned in full. Have you ever heard of a fairer offer?

CENTURY CHEMISTS

Jackson Blvd., at Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.
Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon.

Coupon

CENTURY CHEMISTS

Jackson Blvd., at Desplaines St., Dept. 81
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full sized bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Curling Fluid). I will pay postman the special trial price of \$1.97, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a 5-day trial, I am not perfectly delighted with this magic curling liquid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name.....

Address.....

Note: If you are apt to be out when the postman calls, you may enclose \$2 and "Wave-Sta" will be sent to you postpaid.

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Easy for you to own this beautiful ring or give it as a present. Simply send \$1 to us today.

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Wear ring 10 days and if you don't agree it is an amazing bargain, return it and we will refund your money. If satisfied pay \$3 a month until \$30 is paid.

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Blue white, perfect cut genuine diamond 18 kt. white gold hand engraved and pierced mounting. Rare beauty. Only **\$30.00**

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which painlessly and harmlessly replaces the old skin with a new and removes all Surface Blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Tan, Eczema, Acne, Large Pores, etc. A non-acid, invisible liquid. Produces a healthy new skin, beautiful as a baby's. Results astounding. Booklet "The Magic of a New Skin" free in plain sealed envelope.

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. F. B 30 E. 20th St., New York

Love Will Not Wait—Continued from page 20

the past three weeks—and how utterly foolish it was of me to run away on him like that. And now—" Alice applied a skillful eyebrow pencil, "Everything will be even lovelier than it was before. We do foolish things in order to grow wise."

"That's the way," Nanette offered. "One has to use a little tact with a husband."

"And with a husband like mine," Alice considered and pursed her reddened lips, "one has to use a lot of it. Of course I have no intentions of giving up my work. Imagine me ever thinking to do that when I have the whole future ahead of me. But Gilbert will never guess it is that way. Once he thinks I am willing—he won't want me to—" she threw back her head and laughed—"Oh, my dear Nanette—a little bit of tact can go a long, long way."

Some one came to the door and knocked. The little maid went to answer it. She came back presently.

"It's a message from Mr. Saunders. He says the set is all ready and that they are waiting for you."

"Tell him I will be there in five minutes," Alice turned back to the mirror. "Carl Saunders is a peach of a director—and I am lucky. But he wants his own way a little too much to suit me."

Five minutes later she was out on the lot arrayed in the humble garb of Lizzie Schram, whose tragic life she was now to portray.

"Well?" she turned to Saunders and asked lightly, "Where do we begin?"

The happiness of her voice was lost to him. Its lightness was like a careless concern. He felt a sudden irritation.

"Right where we left off." There was a hint of anger in the director's tone, "And snap into it."

Alice moved leisurely across the stage to Roger Maxwell, her leading man, who was waiting for her.

"Snap into it," she said merrily, and laughed. "My, aren't we getting the peppy orders these days!"

They began the acting out of a scene. But her mind strayed from her work. She did not care a whit about poor Lizzie Schram to-day. She had a few thoughts of her own, which were far more important. Why had not Gilbert written her or sent her flowers or phoned? She had asked herself that question every day for three weeks now. Ever since that Sunday morning of their bitter quarrel, when Gilbert Wheeler had demanded that she give up her work in pictures and live quietly at home with him, and she had left him in anger to take a little apartment alone in the city, she had looked and expected and hoped for some word from him. She could endure the loneliness no longer and to-day

—in an hour—in two hours perhaps—she was going home— Her joy soared like a bird on the wing.

"Miss Ralston," the voice of her director came to her cold as the glint of steel, "if you can't do any better than this, why bother to do it at all?"

HAPPINESS, like a soaring bird—suddenly sweeping to earth. Or like the bubble, one moment color and glisten, the next—broken and gone. So delicate it is—so rare—so gossamer—that a sharp word—a harsh note—and there is nothing. Nothing but a vague bewilderment. It was like that with Alice.

She looked at Saunders startled. "Well—what are you after?" she asked, her eyes flashing with sudden anger.

"Acting—not tom-foolery," the director flung back. "Say, what is the matter with you? You look healthy enough, but you act sick. Put some kick into your work. Lizzie Schram isn't such a dumb Dora, even if you are."

Alice drew up as though he had struck her, and a sharp gasp caught in her throat. "Just a minute, Mr. Saunders, and I'll show you how dumb I am!" She spoke every word with a tense deliberation.

"That's enough—that's enough," the director raised a halting hand. "If you can't put some feeling into your work, you might as well call in the funeral procession."

"With you on hand to pass around the flowers." Scarcely did she realize what she said. She was conscious of a breathless hush, of the half-frightened watching on the part of the other players, of the angry flush upon Carl Saunders' usually smiling face. Her voice rose to a nervous shrill. "Well, if you think I am such a dead beat, why don't you bring in the hearse?"

"I will," Saunders flared at her. "At the end of this contract. There isn't likely to be another—not around this lot. Thank Lucifer this is your last picture—"

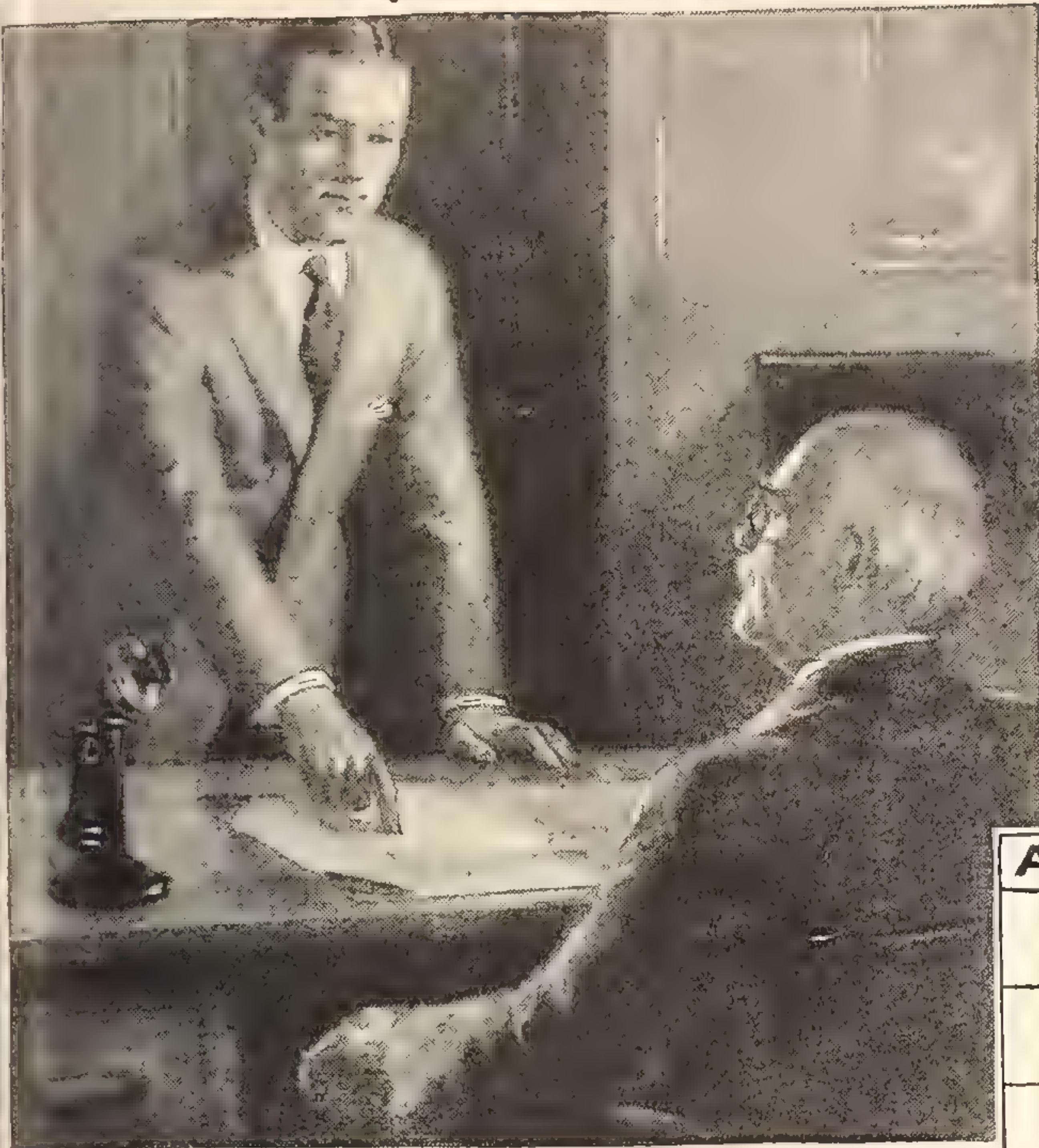
"My last picture." Alice felt a hot wave of fury sweep over her. "Well I'll say it is—and I can stop to-day as well as any other time. Go to it—and finish your old picture—what do I care—" she gathered her skirts about her, tears of vexation burned in her eyes—"What do I care for the old fool thing—or you—or anybody—" with a little cry of rage she ran from the lot and to the quiet seclusion of her dressing room.

My, how she hated them all! And she had thought the other players to be her friends. And they had stood about with never a word to her. And they had let Carl Saunders talk to her like that! The stark injustice of it served to increase her

Richard Barthelmess visiting Colleen Moore on the lot during the filming of "The Desert Flower."



\$1,800 a Year in August \$12,000 a Year in December



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a Letter Carrier,
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Within a period of six months, J. J. Graney, for many years a letter carrier, stepped into a field he had never tried, made good, and boosted his earnings from \$150 a month to around \$1,000 a month. Could you do as well? Read how Graney learned the knack of selling—and how you, too, have equal opportunity to command the big rewards of Salesmanship.

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After spending fourteen years as conductor on a railroad, I came in on my passenger run and never went out again. I saw there were wonderful chances in the selling field; so I started in selling real estate. The first month I did not make a sale. I saw I needed something to help me, so I took up LaSalle training in Salesmanship. The next month I made \$700, and last month I averaged better than \$67 a day throughout the month. Is there anything more I can say for this great course?

C. A. THOMAS, California.

J. J. Graney had never sold goods in his life. He was a letter carrier earning top pay of \$1,800 a year. He determined to quit—and turned to LaSalle for help. Before he had completed his sixth assignment of the LaSalle course in Modern Salesmanship, he tackled the job of selling real estate in a rapidly developing suburban district. The first month he made \$225; the second month \$500; the third month \$700; and in a letter to LaSalle he writes—"The present month I expect to earn more than \$1,000."

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missing opportunity after opportunity, just because you have never mastered the art of selling?

Whether or not you have had sales experience—that is not important. The point is that any man of average intelligence who will follow the LaSalle salary-doubling plan can quickly multiply his earnings. And this fact applies with doubled force to the man now in the field who is sincerely striving to increase his volume, to really *sell* in dozens of places which he now is forced to leave without an order.

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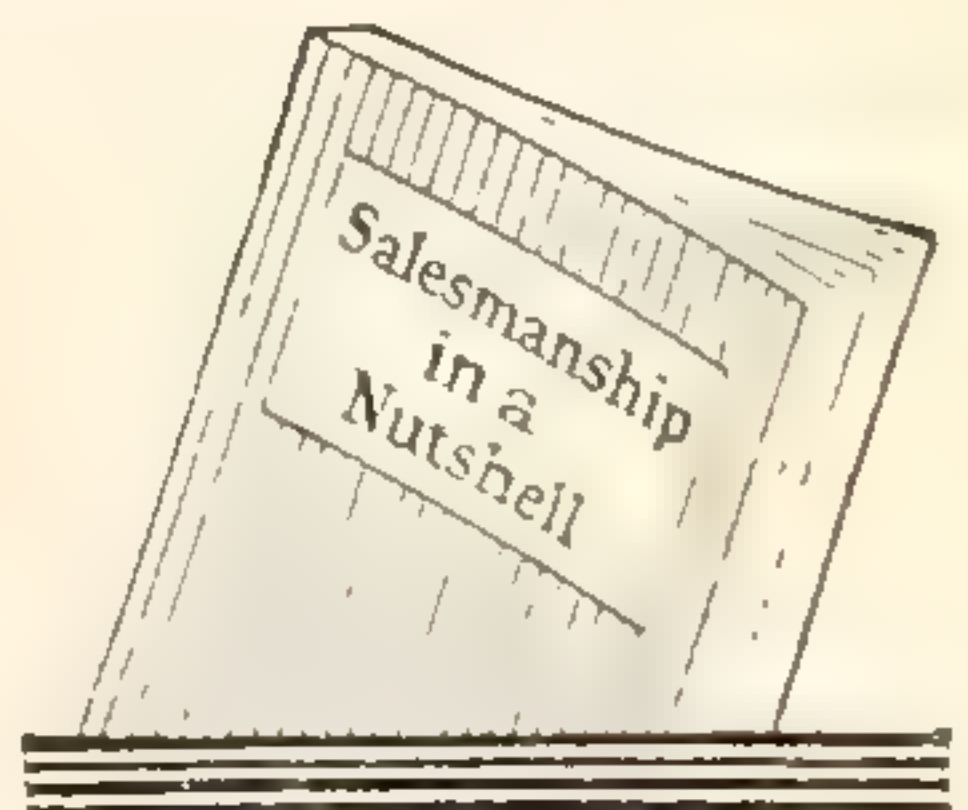
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy: Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance: Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions. | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship and Production Methods: Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish: Training for position as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries. |
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Name..... Present Position..... Address.....



New Discovery Clears Body and Face of Objectionable Hair

SCIENCE has taken a rare old Oriental secret and perfected a remarkable soothing balsam that *eases out* superfluous hair in a jiffy—and at the same time *checks* its growth!

Hair on chin, on cheeks, on arms, on legs can now be removed—without the danger of having it grow back again heavier than ever before. Nothing like this extraordinary method has ever been known. It is safe, scientific, absolutely effective the first time it is applied. Beauty experts recommend it. Women heartily acclaim it. In case after case it is proving that unsightly, objectionable hair is unnecessary.

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Women who have vainly tried for years to get rid of objectionable hair on the face and body are astounded. What is this new method, they want to know? How does it achieve such marvelous results—not only lifting out the hair quickly and gently, but actually retarding its growth?

The process represents the newest, most scientific and correct method for destroying superfluous hair without electricity, without ordinary depilatories or "surface" methods that remove the hair temporarily, and often stimulate an even heavier growth of hair. The product itself is made of the finest Oriental balsams and is as easy to apply as a cold cream. The whole

process is quick and simple, and not at all unpleasant.

There is nothing messy or disagreeable about this new method—no bad odors to be tolerated—no painful breaking or pulling of the hair. It's wonderful—the very discovery you've been waiting for! Get rid of that unsightly hair at once. You can; in the privacy of your home.

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The whole fascinating story of this new method, what it is, how it works, what it will do for you, is told in this interesting little book, illustrated with actual photographs. We will be glad to send you a copy absolutely free and without obligation. See for yourself how easily, quickly and inexpensively superfluous hair troubles can be removed! Send for your copy of the free book TODAY! F. C. IRWIN, M.D., Dept. 88, 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

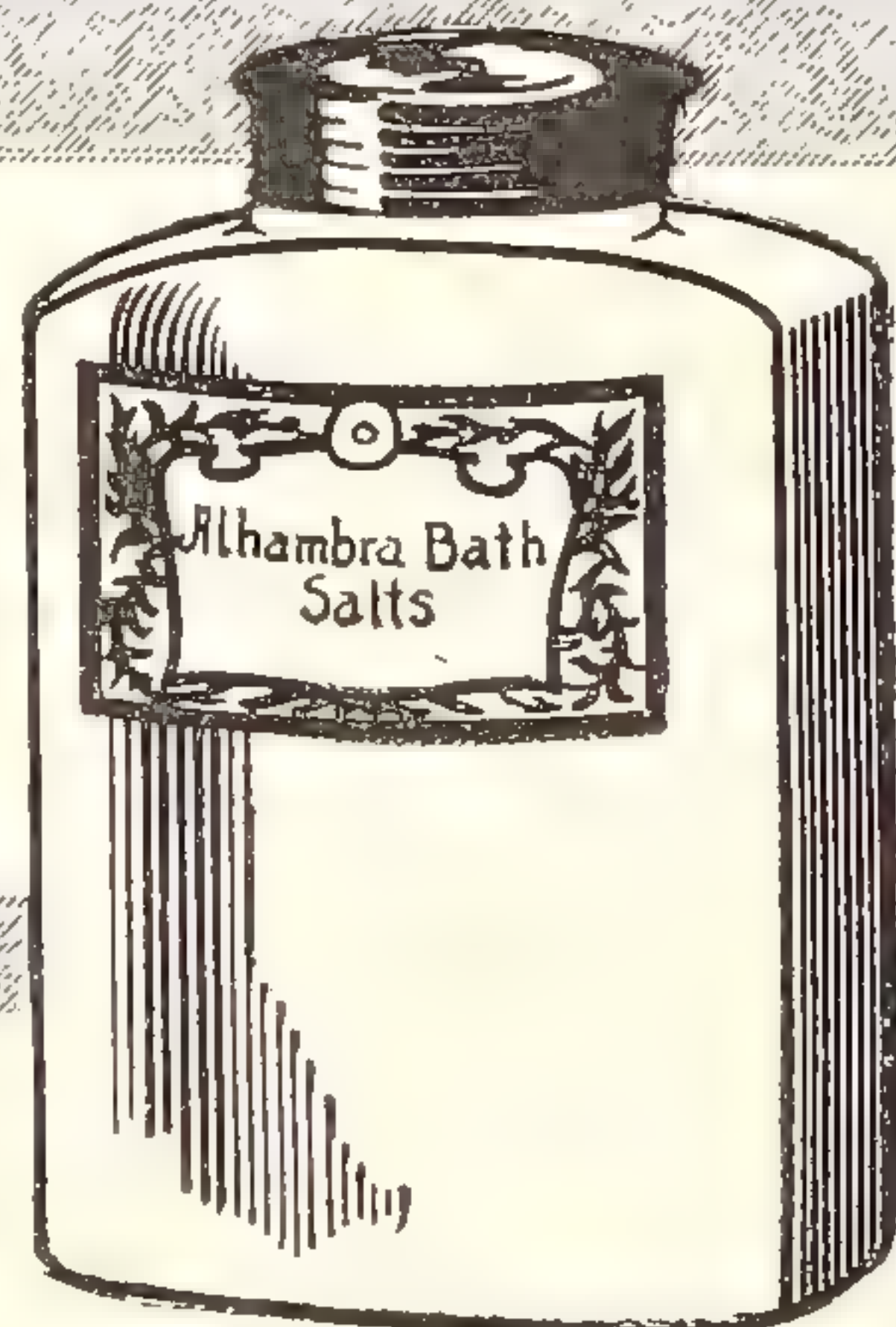
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anger. She hated the whole tinsel show! She hated Lizzie Schram! A laugh curled about her lips. How had she ever believed that it was a real part? She tore the clothes from her back and slipped into her own modish street frock. The poor dress of Lizzie Schram she kicked to a far corner—

"There—take that——" she cried—"I loathe you! I never want to see the old part again!"

She pulled on her hat, caught up her things, and made a mad rush across the open court to her car. She felt cold and stunned, lost like a little child in a wide bewilderment of things. Only an hour before and everything had seemed so safe to her, so secure. Not without struggle, hard work and many privations, had she reached stardom in the motion picture game. And to what avail? Was she to flash for a brief moment, like some comet, across the dark sweep of the sky, only to be forgotten? Was her dream to be trampled in the dust at her feet? And all because she worked without feeling? Carl Saunders had said that—and a man like Carl Saunders should know. She had nothing to say to defend herself against his criticism. She was dazed and blinded by it. Scarcely could she see where she drove—miles and miles away—out along still country roads, far from the studio and the ceaseless noise of the world. Any place that she might be alone and look deeply into the hidden heart of herself.



William Haines, one of the popular players of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot.

After years of poverty, struggle, and self-denial, she had reached stardom. With success already hers, and the future beckoning in rosy dreams, six months before she had met Gilbert Wheeler. She was to play a part in one of his novels and he had come to talk over the script with her. In the days which followed they had talked over many things beside the script. Young love dwelt in their hearts and life was a beautiful thing indeed. Almost at once they were married and had moved to Gilbert's spacious home in Jersey. Alice had been madly happy, so happy it seemed that tragedy had gone out of her life forever.

For three weeks to have lived without Gilbert, and then to clash with Saunders! And that cruel thing he had said——



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"Thinking isn't going to get me anywhere," she said to herself fiercely at length. "I guess I am not going to let people walk all over me any time they have a mind to. I'll show them I am quite capable of standing on my own. I'll show Carl Saunders I don't need his old contract. There are other directors in the world every inch as good as he is. I'll show Gilbert a thing or two while I am at it. He hasn't thought about coming around to see me. All right now—he won't have the chance. I'll drive out home and I'll pack all my belongings and see about having them sent into town. That will let Gilbert know just where he stands. I don't need to speak to him. I can even refuse to see him. Then I can drive back to my apartment in plenty of time to rest before that dinner date with the Carsons."

She turned the car about and headed for Jersey. It was a golden September day and the breeze was cool upon her face as she drove. She felt suddenly spent and tired. How glad she was to see the old house again, which Gilbert had bought upon their marriage and turned into a home for her. After the three weeks of her absence, the wide colonial front door and the white curtained windows were as a balm to her heart. She parked the car along the driveway, and going around to the side of the house entered by one of the French windows. She was not going to run the risk of meeting Gilbert in the hall. There was the chance he would hear her and come from his study, and she would have to stand before him. Face to face with him, she planned to be firm and defiant. She yearned to see him, but she did not intend to let him know what was in her heart.

Indoors the study door was flung wide, but Gilbert was not there, bent above his desk. Alice felt a little clutching of fright at her throat. How still the place was—how ghastly—like a tomb. Something was wrong—something terrible had happened. She could feel it in the unbroken hush which hung about the place. Where were the servants—why was no one stirring?

Had she not better ring for the butler before they took her for a burglar in the house?

Even as she debated, she turned quickly to see a strange man standing in the door, tall, sun-tanned, awkward fellow.

"Oh!" she cried in swift alarm. "Where did you come from? Who are you? Where is Mr. Burke—and cook—and the others?"

"I don't know," the stranger answered in a low even tone. "You are Mrs. Wheeler, I know. I have seen you about the place before. It was just this morning I called. I thought I would see if I might sell some eggs to you—but nobody answered my knock. I sensed something was wrong so I pushed open the door and came in. I stood in the empty kitchen and I heard some one moan—and then a sick voice calling—So I rushed in here—and there was Mr. Wheeler lying on the floor—"

"Gilbert!" Alice cried, and her hands fluttered in a gesture of fright to her throat. "What is the matter with him? Where is he now? What shall I do?"

"There is nothing we can do—not right away, Mrs. Wheeler. I called in the doctor and he said it was just a nervous breakdown from over-work. I heard it in town that Mr. Wheeler had discharged the servants about three weeks ago—said something about wanting to be alone to write a new book. My name is Timmie O'Toole and I live back along the side road a bit. I went for my mother. She is here now—cleaning up some, and taking care of Mr. Wheeler."

"I had better go right up—if Gilbert is sick—and if he needs me."

"But don't be worried," Timmie's voice was kind. "The doctor said a little rest, some good food, and he would be all right again. He is sleeping now. I—I wouldn't go near him if I were you."

Alice hesitated and a hard light came into her eyes.

"All right," she said curtly, "I won't go near him. When he sends for me, I will come—but not before. I want to get all of my belongings. I am driving back to town. I don't intend to stop."

"My mother would get you some lunch—if you wished it."

"All right—I will be down in half an hour. You had better stay on here with Mr. Wheeler and I'll keep in touch with you by phone. But I won't stay. I am not needed around here—and maybe—I'm not wanted around here either."

With a careless glance Alice marched from the room—and up the stairs. In her own boudoir she flung aside her coat and hat and sat down to think things out. Gilbert was ill—but not seriously. If she stayed, she would be humiliating herself. It was all right to come home to Gilbert of her own free will when the future looked good to her. But with a broken contract—well, everything was changed. She had some pride. Gilbert must never know of the dismal failure she had made of life. She went to look through her wardrobe. There was much she must take with her.

Timmie's mother came to call her to luncheon. She was a frail little woman, with a delicate face and snow-white hair. She reminded Alice of November dusks and old lavender. And Timmie—there was something strangely attractive about that unknown chap downstairs, something which drew her. She knew she could leave Gilbert in his care. She was glad he had come along, just in time perhaps.

"I picked these," he said, "the asters were running a riot. I thought you might like to take them back to town."

"That was nice of you," Alice answered brightly. "You'll stay with Mr. Wheeler, won't you—and if there is anything wrong—"

"I'll be glad to stay," Timmie assured her—"The doctor didn't seem worried any—and so—"

From the hallway came the sharp ringing of the telephone. Quickly Alice got up to answer it.

"Oh, is that you, Miss Ralston?" It was Saunders speaking. "Say, won't you forgive me for the way I blew off this morning? We all get our bad days, you know. Won't you be so good as to come back—right away if you can. Maxwell sails for London in the morning, you know, and we have to shoot those big scenes—it's our last chance. I'll be awfully grateful if you'll come."

Alice thought it over a moment, toying with the telephone pad. "All right," she said presently, "I'll be there. I guess I did a little high-flying of my own. It won't take me quite an hour—"

She went back into the dining room where Timmie waited.

"It's a call from the studio," she said. "And they want me back right away. I wonder—had I better stay? The doctor—well, he might be wrong—"

"I'll let you know," Timmie promised her. "I'll stay right here. And if Mr. Wheeler wants you—"

A moment Alice looked wistful: "He might need me—he might—I'm not so sure—"

"You'd come—" Timmie asked, "if he needed you—"

"Oh yes—" there was a little ring of gladness in Alice's tone. "If he asked for me—I would leave everything—everything—oh, I would come—right away—I would get here."

"Then you do love him," Timmie said—"I thought perhaps—well, you didn't care any more."

Alice turned away from him and bit her lips. She could not meet that eager scrutiny of Timmie O'Toole.

"Well—even if I didn't love him—" she admitted with a pretense at a shrug—"it would be my duty to see that some one was here to look after him."

At once she set out for town. In an hour she was back at the studio. She had broken all the speed laws to get there—but she had made the trip in short time. She was glad to be back on the lot again—and to work again. Herself forgotten, Lizzie Schram became real and tragic—and vital to her. Into the being of this poor untaught woman, she put the best of her mind and art. The scenes were those of poverty and despair. The husband is brought home from an accident in the mills where he worked. All a wife's devotion and love could not save him. Nothing could bring him back from the brink of death. And the thought came to Alice, came with the sharpness of lightning cleaving the sky—

"Suppose it were Gilbert—suppose I should lose him—suppose I should be left alone—like poor Lizzie, dazed and afraid!"

She suffered with Lizzie Schram. She knew her pain and her bewilderment and her despair. She knew the torture of her heart—and yet from the very depth of her grief, she knew a power lifting her, filling her, making her strong.

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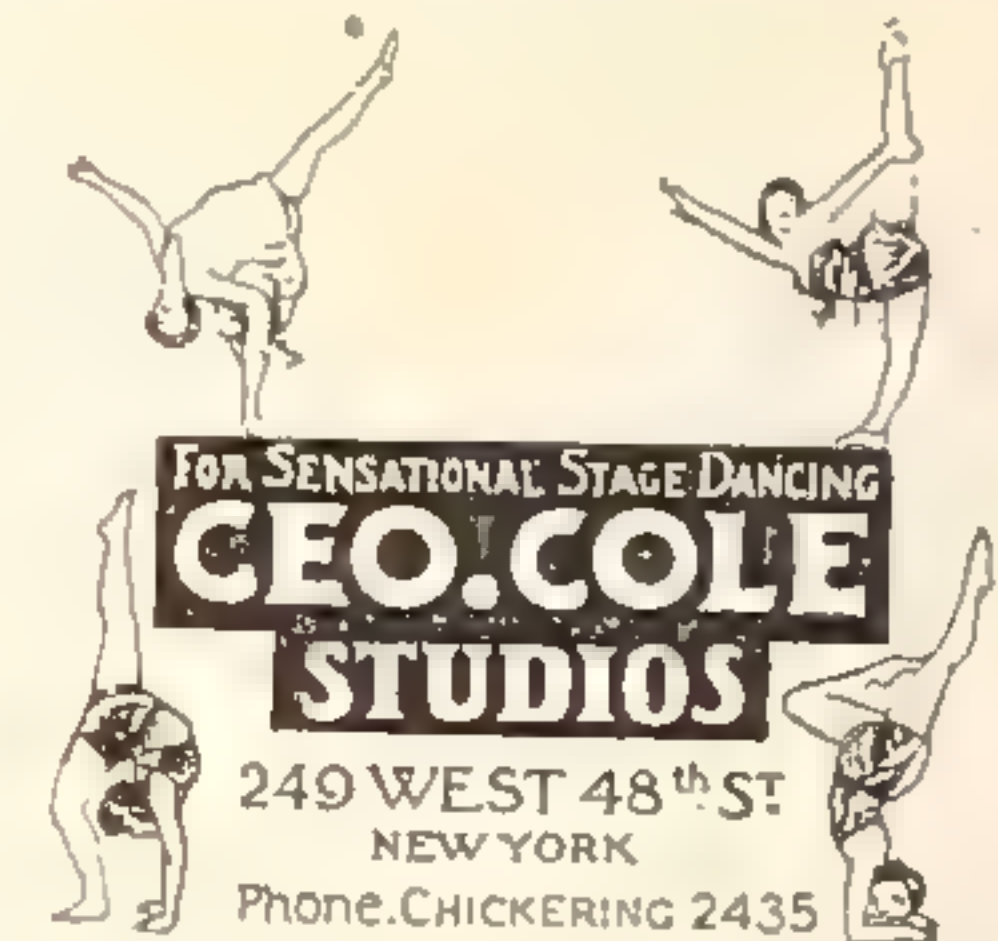
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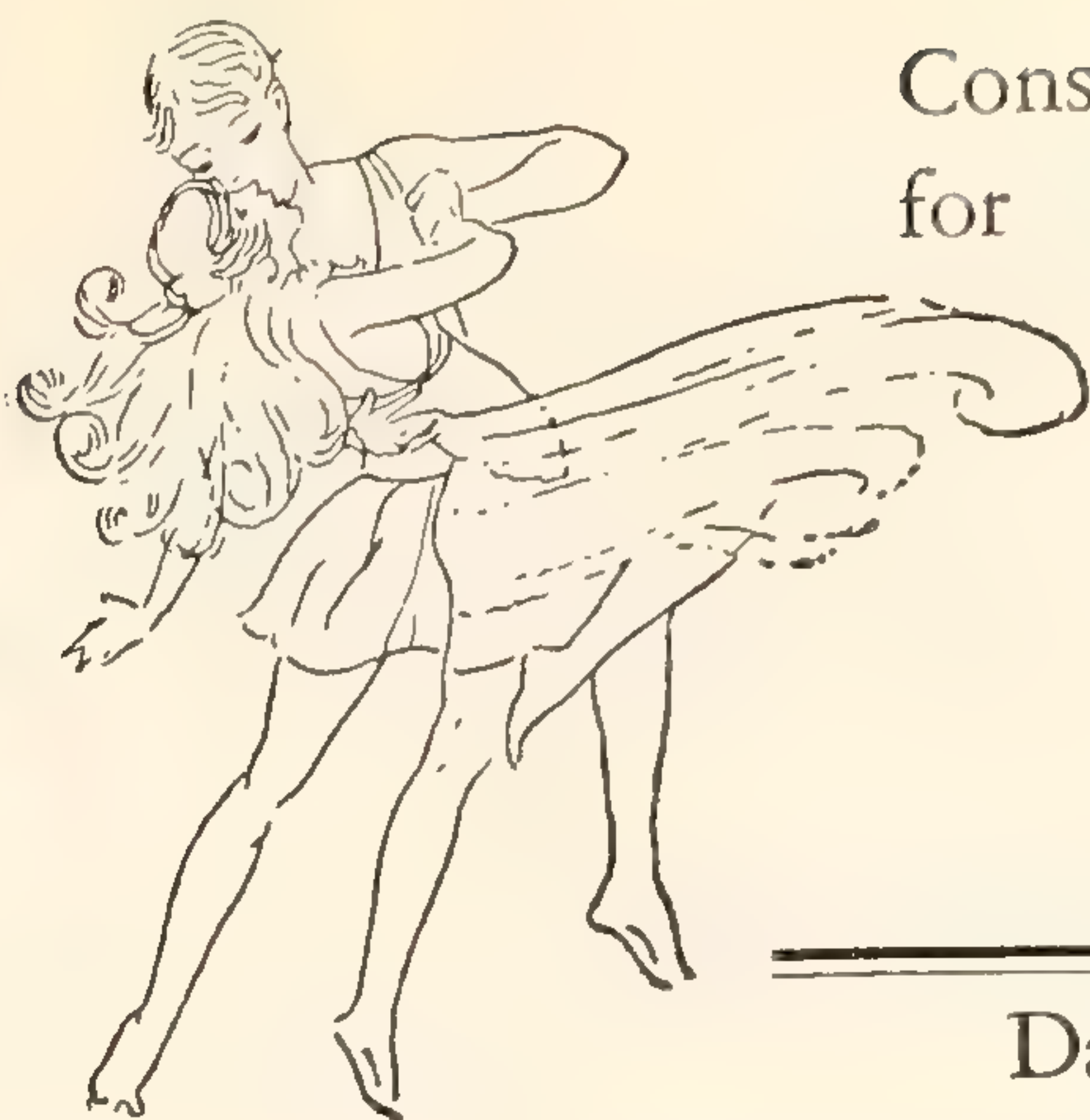
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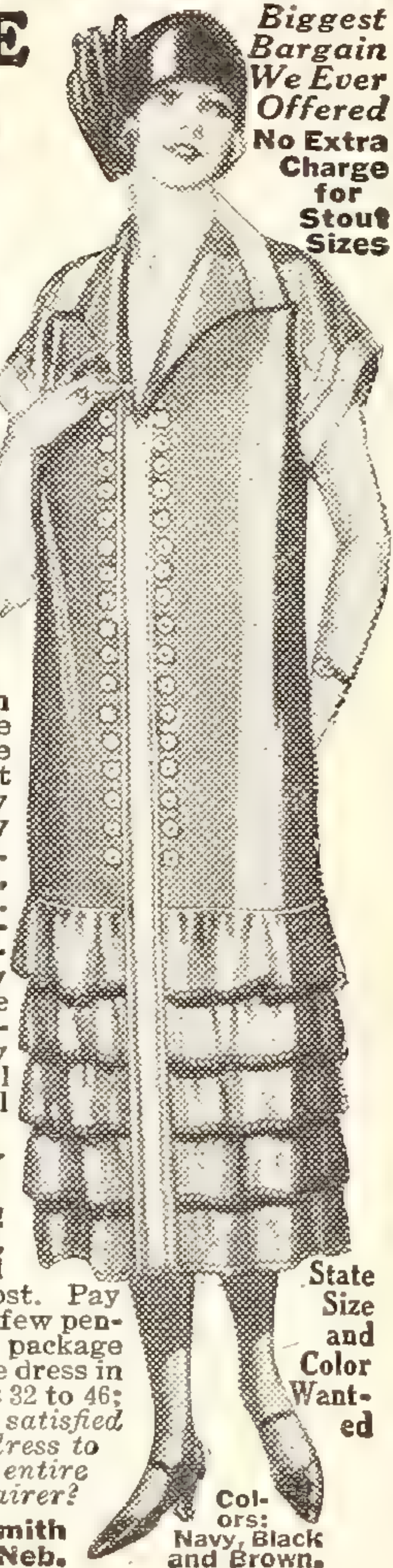
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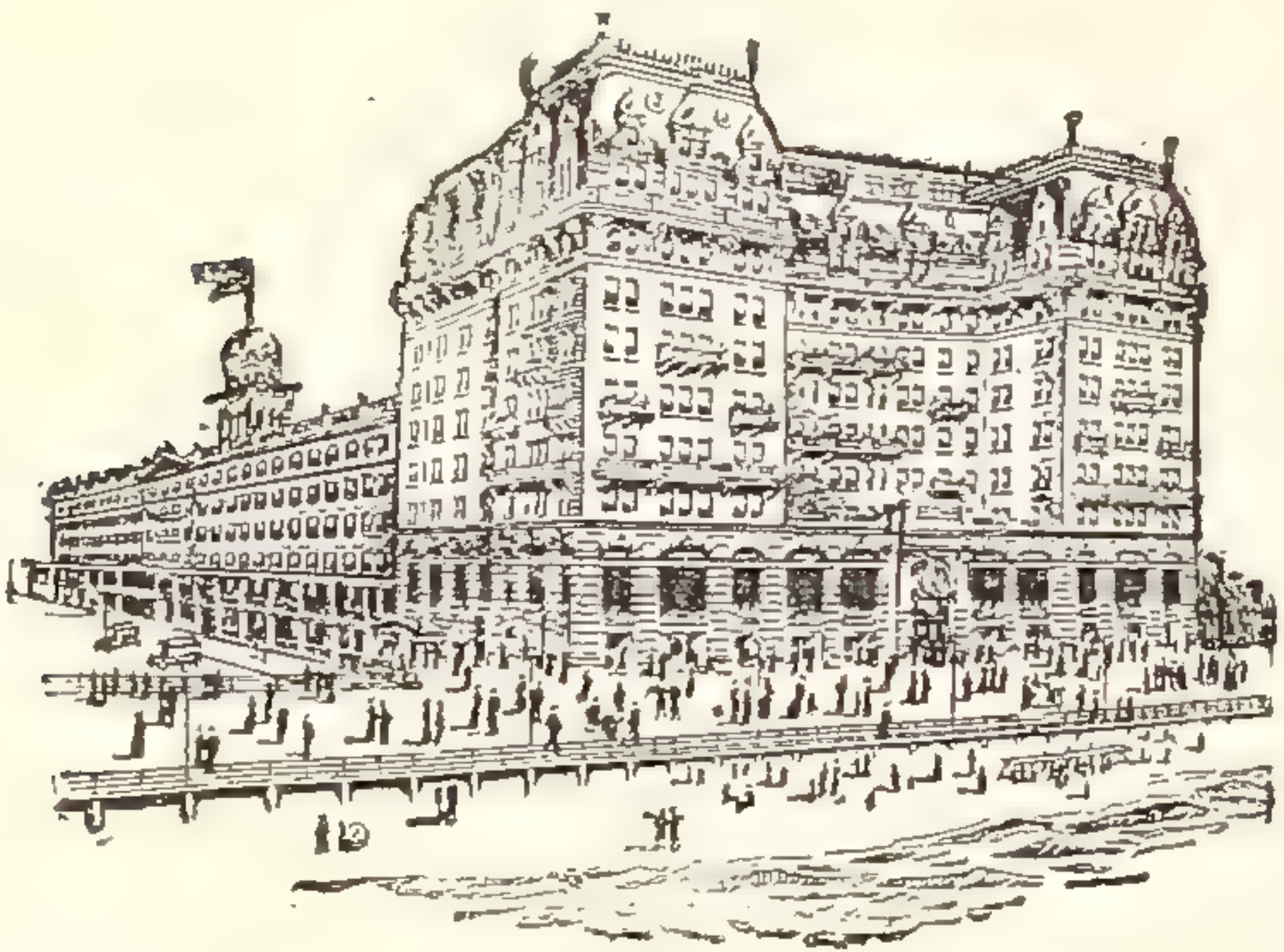
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Corinne Griffith and her proud and beautiful mother.

"My last picture," she thought to herself as she removed the make-up in her dressing room, "And, I hope—my greatest."

Once out of the studio she phoned Timmie. His anxious voice came to her over the wire—

"He seems worse—I ought to fetch the doctor—but I am afraid to leave him."

"I will be right out," Alice cried, "And I will bring a nurse with me. I'll bring a specialist, too, Timmie—the best one I can find."

For weeks Alice scarcely left her home. She could not leave Gilbert even though he never knew she had come. At the very first she made it quite clear to the nurse.

She stopped her on the stairs the morning of her arrival.

"Miss Clarkson, I want you to understand that Mr. Wheeler must not know I am in the house. If he asks for me—if he calls my name—" Alice was trying to be firm but her voice quivered while she spoke—"Come to me at once and I will go to him. Upon no other condition let him know that I am near by."

The nurse bowed and passed on up the stairs. Alice drew herself up stiffly.

"I am glad I still have my pride. I don't have to be beaten—not by Gilbert or Saunders or any one—as long as I can hold fast to my pride."

Yet not once through the long weeks did Gilbert voice her name. Bravely she waited for his command, but none came. Often she found it hard to hold to her resolve. That great desire to go to him, regardless of all things, throbbed like a pain through her. His illness was more serious than they had first thought. It seemed to Alice that the long anxious days would never pass.

One morning, while she worked with Timmie in the garden, digging up the bulbs for winter storage, she heard Gilbert's voice. From his sick bed she heard him calling in a fevered, plaintive voice—

"Water—water—"

With a quick spring she was on her feet.

"Gilbert—Gilbert—" her eyes were wide with fright, her hands reached out impulsively—"I am coming— I am coming— just a minute— dear—"

Quickly she ran into the house and up the wide front stairs. A moment, and she stood upon the threshold of Gilbert's room. A dark hush and the sickly odor of medicines greeted her. She reeled in the chaos of some blind despair. Again that voice pleading—

"Water— water—"

An instant and she was at his side, her groping hands reaching out to touch his face, to soothe the burning fever of his brow.

"Gilbert—" her voice was scarcely above a whisper. Sobs choked in her throat and she could not speak.

"Go away— go away—" she felt his hot hands beating against her— "Leave me alone— go away—"

Slowly she got to her feet and turned back to the door. So it had come— she knew the bitter truth now— knew it without question—

"He doesn't need me—" her lips moved dryly, her hand went up to shield her eyes— "He doesn't want me— he said—to go away—"

OUT in the garden she sought Timmie. "I am going back into town—" she began— "Right now—this very morning." Her eyes grew hard and her hands clenched—"I have been a fool to stay here—a silly, sentimental fool."

Timmie stood up and eyed her curiously: "Well," he asked, "won't you tell me what is wrong?"

Daily Timmie had come to the big house, to spend the waiting hours with her, and each morning he brought his mother with him, to work in the kitchen. She needed them, she knew she could not get along without them. There was something in Timmie's quiet reserve which was like a strength to her. She knew she could rely upon him in any hour of need. She felt that strength now. She was glad to talk to him. Here was some one out of the whole world who would understand her. They might call him uncouth—a country lad—a nobody— But to her he had become the one friend she had. He would understand her. She told him what had happened—her words running together in little spasms of grief.

"I wouldn't feel badly if I were you," he comforted when she had finished, "Mr. Wheeler is delirious— he didn't know— he couldn't see— A person sick like he is—"

"If I thought you were right—" Alice pondered—"I would be— well, glad—I would wait a few days—and then go—"

Timmie drew near and looked at her closely.

"Oh, dear lady— don't lose your love— don't let it go from you. There is nothing can take Love's place. I lost the one dearest to me and so I know— I know— Love is greater than all the gold in the world."

Alice thought it over a minute— "And greater than Fame—" she asked, "Greater than Fame—oh, Timmie— I wonder—?"

"I don't know about Fame," Timmie considered it, "I have never touched it. But time will tell you that— time will show you. Don't go away to-day— stop a while long—"

"You won't be sorry— There will come day—"

"Maybe you are right, Timmie. I am going to believe you are. Until Gilbert is well again— I will wait."

As Gilbert grew stronger with the days and the doctor ordered nourishing food for him, Alice helped Timmie's mother in the kitchen prepare tempting dishes for him, delicacies to bring him back to health and strength. He never knew the dainties he ate had been prepared for him with such loving care.

One day she prepared a tempting lunch tray for him. Some gay spirit of happiness possessed her. She knew the crisis was passed— that Gilbert was now on the highway back to health. The long anxiety had broken away, as a dam breaks before the mighty rush of waters, and she knew a lightness and a gaiety.

"I'll take this up to him," she half planned— "I'll walk right into his room. And— oh I wonder what he will say?"

But at the door of Gilbert's room she met the nurse.

"I'll take it, Mrs. Wheeler," she said crisply. "Mr. Wheeler doesn't know yet that you are here."

"Hasn't he— hasn't he— not once asked to see me?"

The nurse shook her head. "No—he has said nothing." She took the tray from Alice and went into Gilbert's room. The door closed with a little slam behind her. It startled Alice. It hurt her. Yet she did not realize that her own orders had closed the door, her own wishes shut her away from Gilbert.

She went to her room and packed a few things. Gilbert was well now— almost well anyhow. He had not needed her. She would go back to town. Timmie or no one could stop her this time.

THE apartment seemed small and empty to her. She would not admit her loneliness even to herself. She spent much of her time in shopping about the stores, dining late and alone, or taking in a theatre. She did not get in touch with her old, gay host of friends. She wanted to be alone.

With early November came the opening of her picture on Broadway. Lizzie Schram was to live for the multitudes, to show them by her grief, and by her triumph over bondage, the beauty and the power that is in life. Alice Ralston dressed in simple things, tied a dark veil about her face, and went to the theatre.

"I want to be there," she told herself. "I want to watch unseen. It will never happen like this again. The people won't know me. I will sit back in the shadows— alone—"

She had not counted on meeting Carl Saunders in the vestibule of the theatre. He greeted her warmly.

"Oh, please," she begged him, "do not let any one know I have come. I just want to sit by myself— and watch the people— and be a part of this hour with them. Don't you see—"

Carl Saunders nodded. Strange how she shunned publicity so. How Gilbert's illness had changed her— she looked white and sick herself. He led her to a darkened box.

And in the shadows she lived again the bitterness and the pain with Lizzie Schram. Again and again the tragic scenes of her picture came back to her mind, and that afternoon she had acted them lived strong in her memory.

"Suppose it were Gilbert— suppose I had lost him?"

Unseen and unknown she shared her triumph with Lizzie Schram. In the dim light she watched the people, saw their eyes glis-

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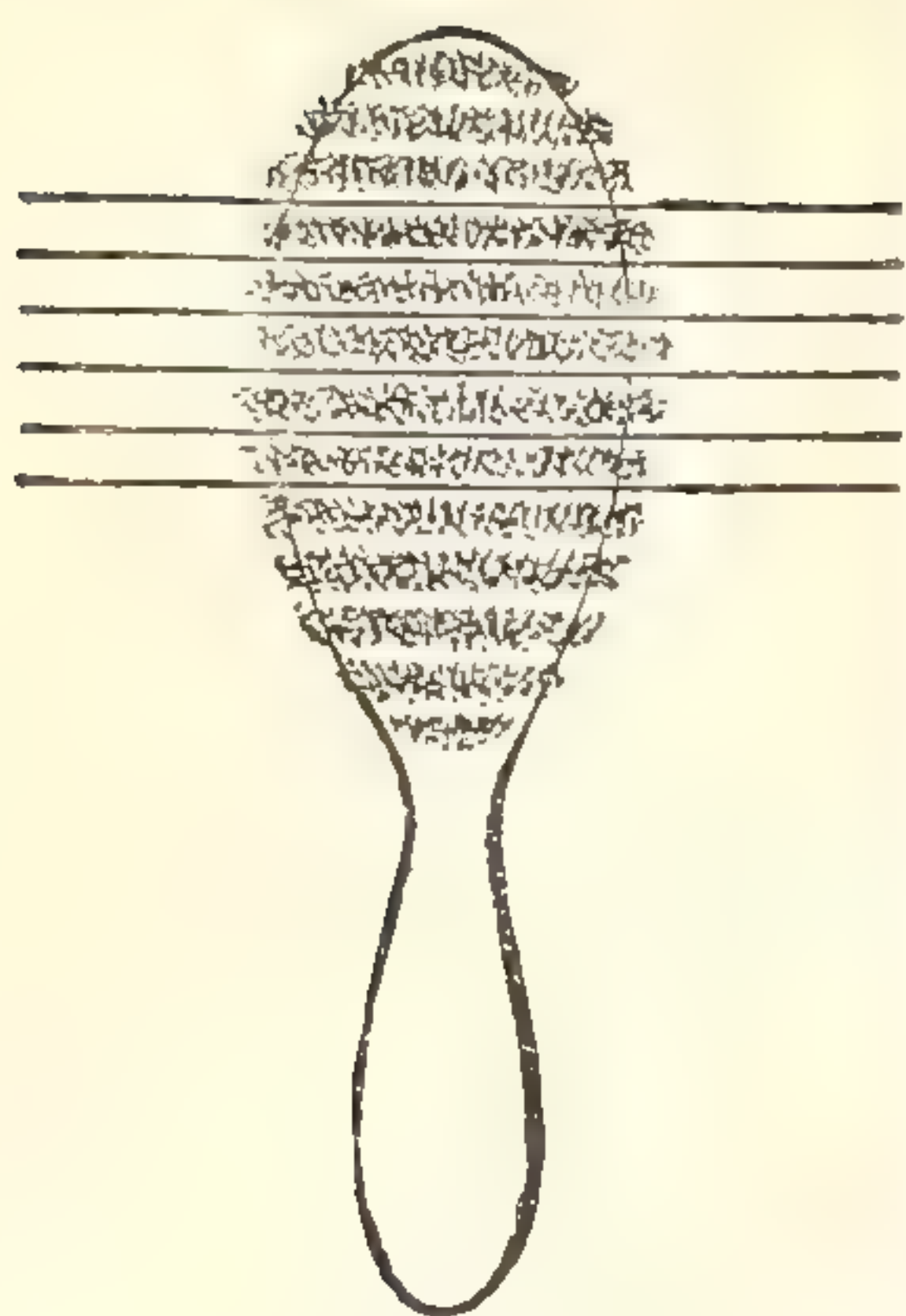


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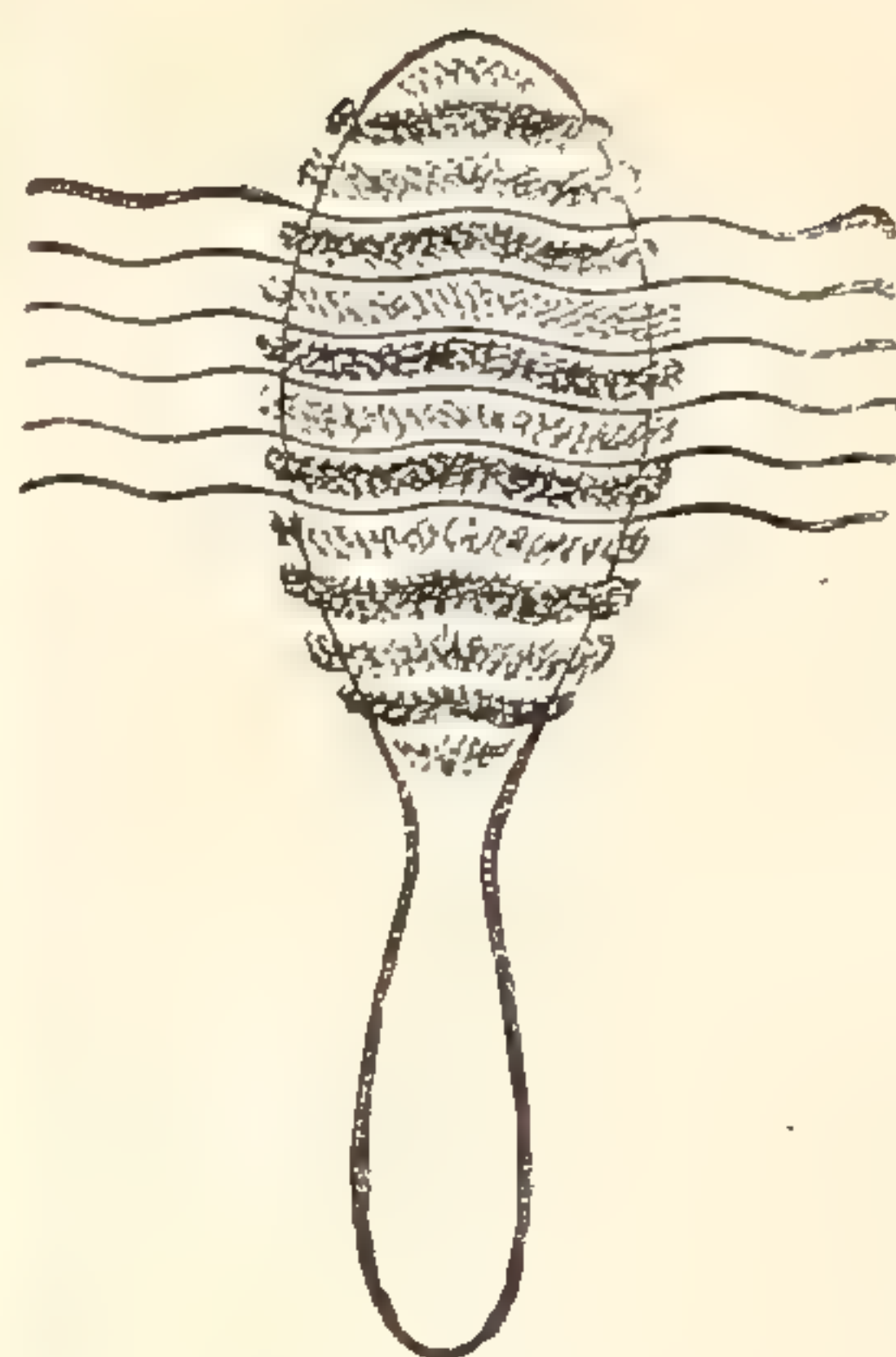
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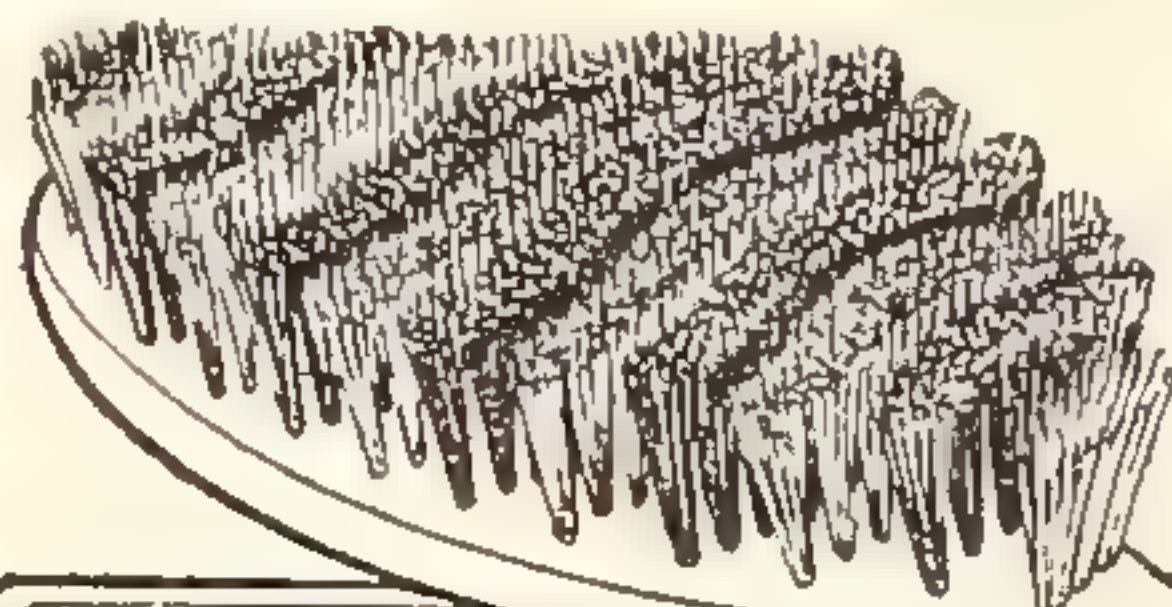
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ten with tears, saw that look of bright faith and new hope on their faces when the light came on and they poured out of the theatre. Everywhere she heard them talking: "wonderful picture—" "Alice Ralston is a great actress—" "I wouldn't have missed seeing it—"

She felt herself one with them, part of the great moving throng, each with the joy and the sorrow of life close folded to her breast. She felt with them the courage and the vision her picture had given them. For the first time in weeks her whole being sang.

Carl Saunders came to her before she could make her escape.

"Well," he said, "I congratulate you. You certainly made Lizzie Schram live. You put lumps in my throat as big as goose eggs."

"I am glad it is my greatest picture," Alice said, "because it is my last."

"Who said anything about it being your last?" Saunders asked. "Say, I have your new contract made out. Here it is now. Take it home and read it over. Or come to supper with me now—and we'll get it fixed up."

"No, thank you," Alice shook her head and looked away. She did not want him to see her emotion. "But I will go right home. And Mr. Saunders—I might as well tell you now—I have made up my mind to leave pictures—"

"What!" Carl Saunders stood back from her in amazement. "When did you get that foolish idea?"

"I think," Alice thought it over—"I got it one day in a garden—with a character named Timmie talking to me. Only not until to-night did I really know that I had made up my mind."

"I'm not going to take 'no' for an answer," Saunders was in earnest. "Why, couldn't make big pictures without you. I want it is more money—"

"No—no—" she lifted a detaining hand. "It isn't that. You see, Gilbert needs me."

"So that's the idea," Saunders whistled softly. "Now, see here, you don't have to be foolish about his illness. He is almost well now. Here—" he thrust the contract into her hands—"Think it over—don't make a silly mistake. Come to the studio at eleven in the morning, and we'll talk it over. Is your car outside?"

"No—" Alice answered in a little bewilderment. "Call a taxi."

She thought it out as she drove home. What did a contract mean to her now? So long her pride had held her back from Gilbert. But now that her pride might be satisfied, what did it matter? What did anything matter? She knew that in her heart she loved him. And above all else she knew that he loved her. Even though he had not asked for her. He had not forgotten the stinging of her words—the bitterness of their quarrel.

"No one can stand in the way of my success," she had cried to him. "No one—not even you."

Much was clear to her now. Timmie O'Toole had cast a spell about her. What a new world he had opened before her eyes—a world of hope and great loving. Something in his soul like a flame—and he had lifted that light of his being, that it might shine for her across the darkness of her way. She knew what she must do. In the morning she would drive home. She would break all the speed laws ever made. She would go at once to Gilbert. She would gather him in her arms—and she would say—

"I have come home—to the dearest place in the world. I never want to leave it, Gilbert—never—never—"

back in the apartment, she laid aside her ups and went into the living room. Upon threshold she stopped in amazement, a cry, half-laughter, half-tears, caught her throat—
 Gilbert—Gilbert—what are you doing here?
 He smiled at her surprise. "I had to see," he said, "to ask you to forgive me. I was a blind brute I have been. I loved you so—and I wanted you all to myself. I could not bear to share you—not even with your work. I hated all your gay friends. Tonight I drove into town—yes—my first outing since my illness—You see I read in the papers about the opening of your picture—I wanted a glimpse of you. I had to see you—look at you—even on the screen. I had been so lonely without you—and yet I would not call you back. At I saw things to-night—so differently." "How—Gilbert?" she asked eagerly. "Tell me—I want to understand."
 "I saw what you meant to the people. I watched them—the way you made much of them, helping them by your work, to go on with their own lives—to meet their problems fearlessly—to lift their hearts high—to find the beauty and the good in life. I didn't see your career in

the light of your fame—but I saw it—as something—greater than Fame—your service to the world—and the world's need of you—And now—"

"I have learned some things, too," Alice said quietly. "Some things which are greater than Fame, Gilbert. I have been selfish too. I spent much of my spare time with gay friends. I thought I was living life to the full. I did not come home from my work for the quiet beauty of evenings with you—I was missing the best—and I did not know it. But now—"

He saw the rolled contract which she held in her hands.

"What is that?" he asked.

"It is my new contract," she said. "I am going to take it to Carl Saunders in the morning," she drew near to him and slipped her hand in his, "And I am going to tell him—"

With all the old love he swept her into his arms and cut off her words with a kiss.

"You are going to see Saunders," he said, "in the morning. Take me along, dearest. We will go everywhere together—from now on—little wife. Your new contract—how wonderful—and don't you suppose I want to be right on hand—to see you sign it?"

The South Sea Islanders from New York

(Continued from page 17)

you get seven berries ever' day, just for giggling aroun'. Why, honey, in dat one scene you comes so close up I could almost distinguish your features."

Lillybelle Jones was not unaware of her own importance, but from the interviews she had read, she believed a little modesty became a movie actress. It was all very well for Ebenezer Ebony to praise her work as one of the native girls in *Passionate Hawaiians*, but ever since she had first obtained employment as dusky atmosphere in a film studio she had studiously adhered to the lines of conduct she considered proper for an incipient screen actress, and deprecating one's own work was essential.

But Miss Jones let herself be prevailed upon to sit through a long program to see

her likeness on the screen again for the space of three seconds. Her rôle in the current exhibition, she proclaimed on the way out, was as nothing at all to the performance she had just completed, that of a diving girl—that is, a diving girl of religious tendencies; one of several dozen who appeared in a baptismal scene in a comedy. Comedy, she secretly believed, was not her forte; but she supposed a movie actress had to take what they gave her.

Lillybelle was, at the moment, the belle of all darktown. She was in the movies! And where before she had been a rather insignificant member of society, she was suddenly elevated by her admiring fellow townsmen to a queenly position. She was their representative in art. Wherever she



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went proud glances followed. She never told all she knew. She pretended a mysterious preoccupation when asked by friends if they, too, might not have a chance to enter the magic portals which lead to screen fame. It was not necessary to record how many times Miss Jones had warmed the "mourners' bench" outside casting directors' sanctums, hoping and praying that this time they were "casting" south-sea or a Roman romance. Calls for light-brown ladies were not always plentiful; but Lillybelle had, on the whole, been lucky. When she appeared on the screen of the Bijou Dream three times in one month, as the attendant of a Roman matron, the favorite wife of a cannibal chieftain, and a south-sea-island dancer, her social success was assured. Her neighbors flocked to see. They emerged applauding. And one glorious Saturday night at a colored cabaret she heard her name being whispered about as "that movie actress." Lillybelle asked nothing more of life except a close-up occasionally.

In other darktowns, there are other Lillybells or her equivalent. Consider Jupiter Juniper, who was about to sink into a neglected old age when a director happened to see him sunning himself on a Harlem stoop. Jupiter, with his bent old body and his crown of curly white, not to mention his shambling walk and awkward feet, was a type. Director Doolittle pressed him into service. He became the old family servant in a dozen motion pictures. Dressed up in elegant livery, bowing before grand dames of the old south, he opened doors, announced dinner, and cried real tears when the news came that Marse Harry had been killed in the war. Jupiter became a personage. He was in demand. The only danger to his future was that his success as a mo'om pitcher actor had a tendency to go to his white head. He lost something of his natural forlornness and became almost too grand to play the butlers of highly respected but impoverished southern families. Then some producer had the brilliant thought of doing a burlesque of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and Jupiter was cast as Uncle Tom. He played the rôle in deadly seriousness and was, of course, a huge success. He had arrived.

There was Ruby Rosamond White, a high-brown girl who emerged from the depths of darktown one day despite her parents' objection that none of the Whites had ever been movie actors and they didn't see why they should begin now. But Ruby Rosamond went right ahead; and such a pretty chocolate drop was she that her services soon were sought to play seductive charmers on coral strands. It was Ruby Rosamond who enacted the rôle of the little native girl who sacrificed herself in the dance of death so that the handsome young white stranger could go free. It was Ruby, too, who played one of the thousand wives of the maharajah—the only one of the thousand visible, in fact—in that exciting picture about a young English officer's capture and confinement in a palace in the Himalayas. Audiences, seeing her as a favorite dancing girl, really believed her a tropical belle. She lent an air of conviction to south-sea-island stuff that was otherwise somewhat impaired by the mechanical moon and the rippling waters that failed to ripple. Ruby Rosamond, at the height of her career as a screen actress, was wooed and won by a chocolate-colored sheik, and retired to dream of past glories.

Little Marvel, aged four, was never regarded as a potential Coogan until his mother became attached to the wardrobe department of a screen studio. And then Marvel broke in, and his mother no longer stitched and mended costumes for other players; she made Marvel's. He was a good little mimic, and needed only the induce-



Alberta Vaughn, setting the pace in "The Pace Makers."

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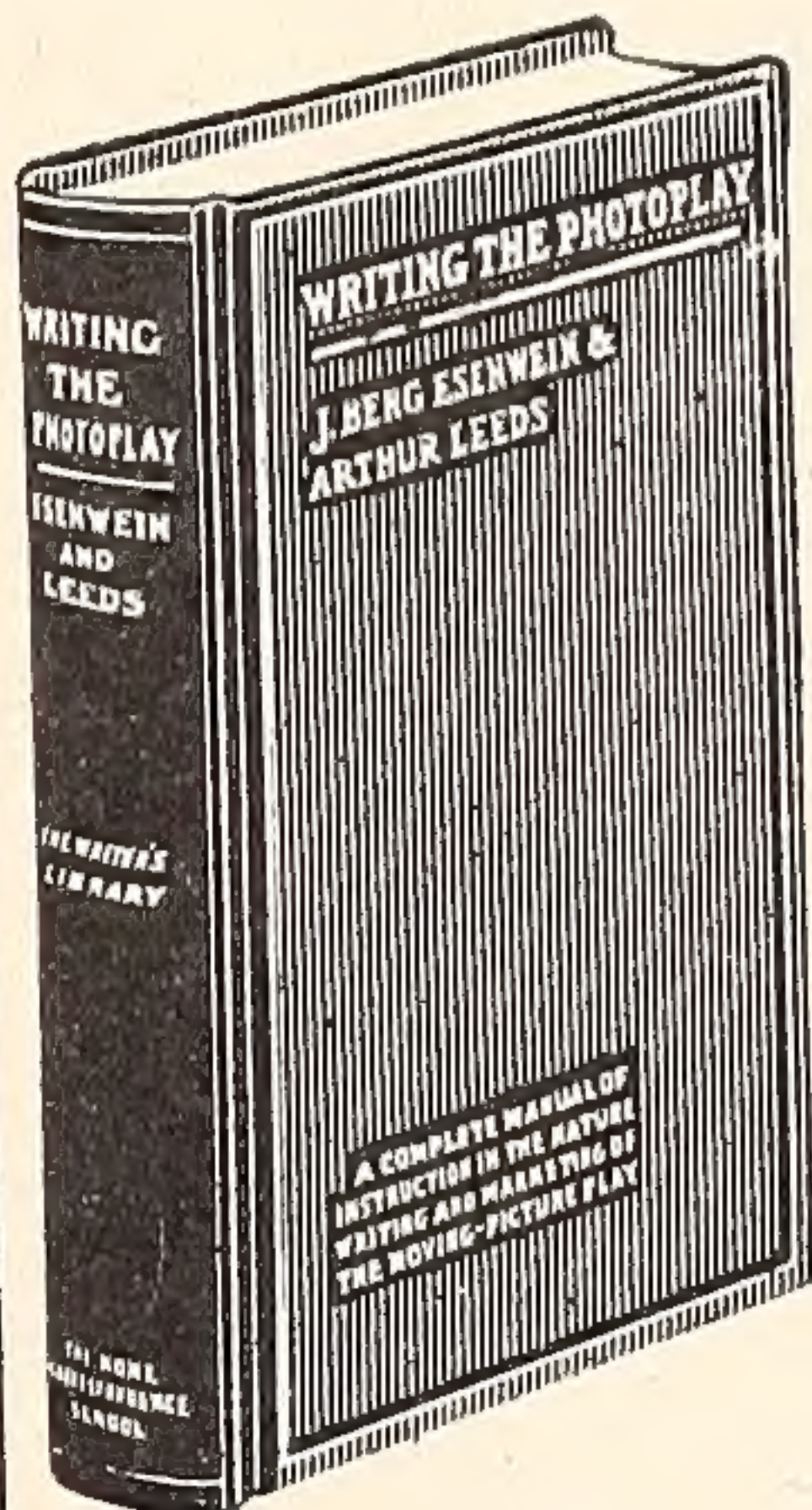
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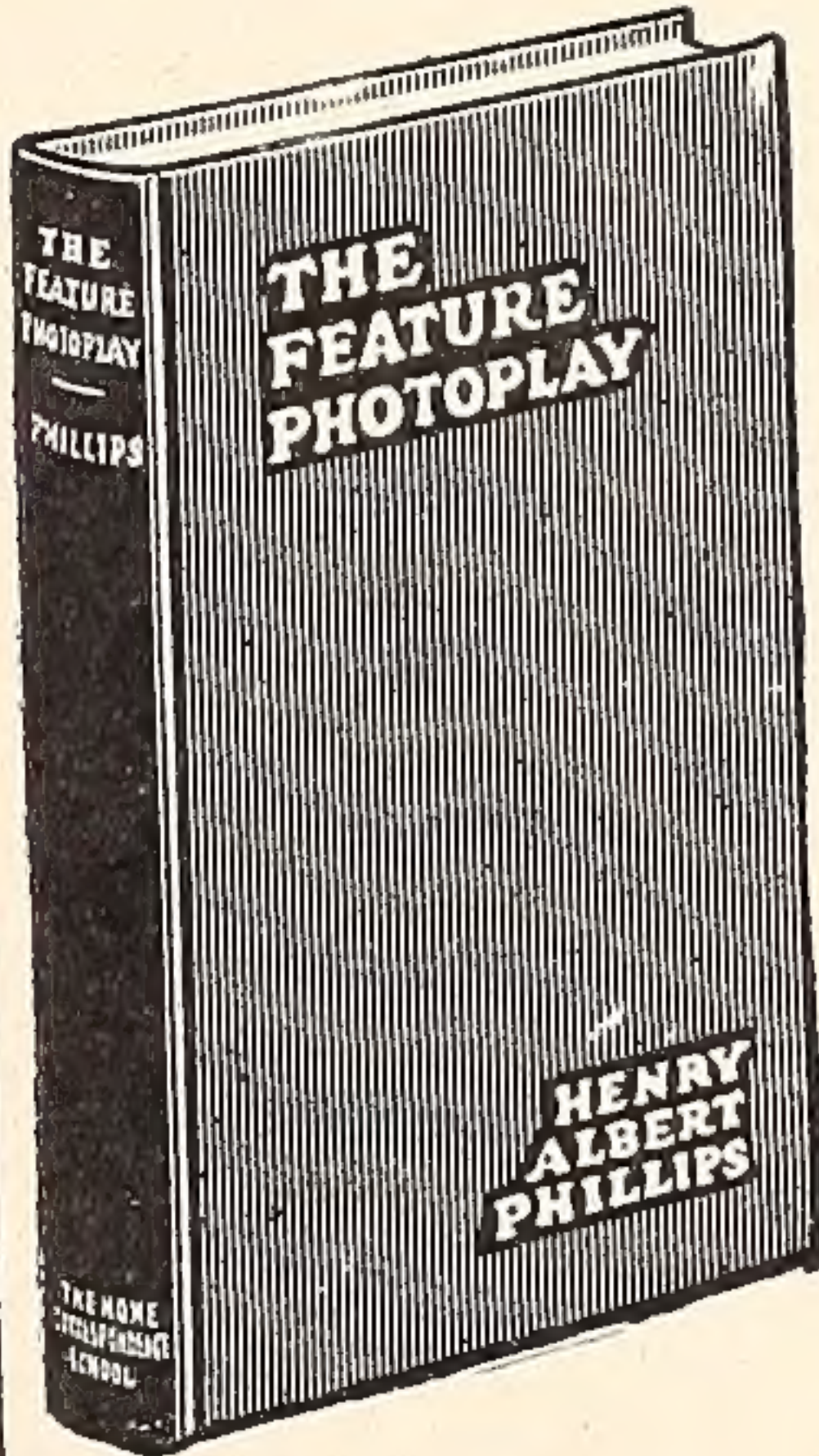


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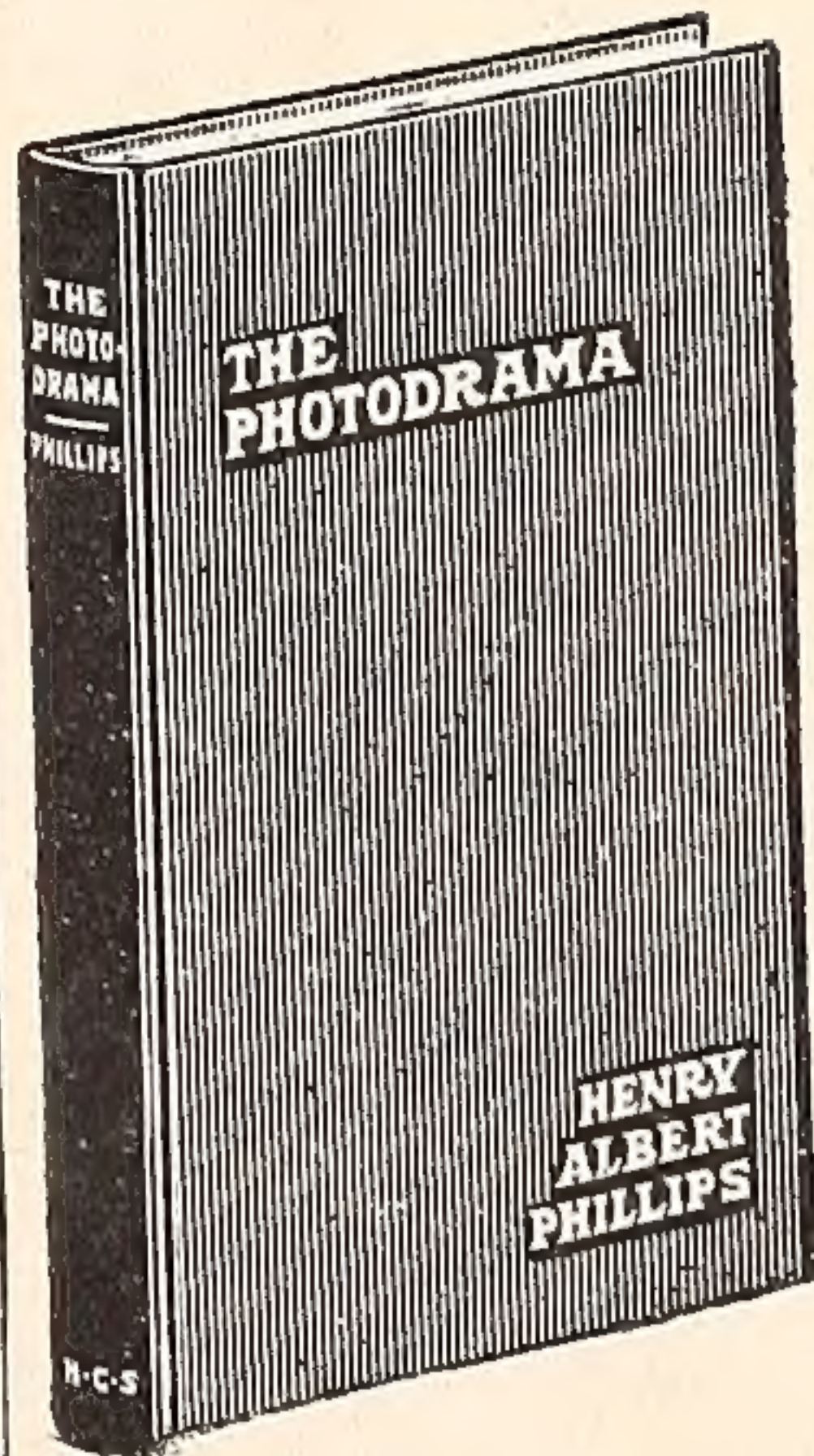
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ent of a watermelon party concealed behind the camera to make him do his stuff. and then—hot dog!—how Marvel made them all laugh. He continued to do so until it became evident to him that his efforts were being admired; and he was obliged to retire to await the awkward age. Just count the scenes you see on the screen depicting African gentlemen retreating before the onslaughts of a comedy lion. By a trick of the camera, their hair is made to raise; but the first time Lionel Leander has ever assigned to a bit like this, he needed no aid; his hair stood up by itself. But he got ten dollars for the day, which entitled him to a pair of light tan shoes and white spats. He was an actor. Other things came his way, and he rose to the eminence of portraying negro slaves in costume pictures of the early-Christian era, attired somewhat sketchily in a tunic and sandals. With the proceeds of this part Lionel was enabled to purchase a coat with a seal-skin collar and a cane with a bull-dog's head with ruby eyes. Do pictures pay? Ask Lionel Leander.

There are others like him. They of Darktown have their own picture favorites to whom they're as devoted as we are to Mary and Lillian and Charlie and Dick. Only a little less than the pride to which they point to Florence Mills, the famous warbler, is their admiration of their fellows who have succeeded in the cinema. It matters not if Lucifer Lightfoot appears only in a flash pursued by an irate dog; or if Pearl Perkins is seen as a slapstick Topsy. They're in the movies, and that's what matters. Pearl, by the way, was reduced to tears over that part. She was examined and approved by the director and ordered to report for work. Overjoyed at the idea, Pearl determined to look her best; so she chided her to a hair-dresser's and had her hair unkinked. She emerged with her tresses tamed—shining, straight. She had to wear a wig to play Topsy!

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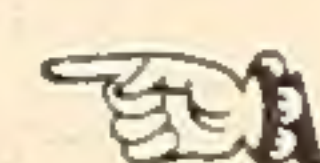
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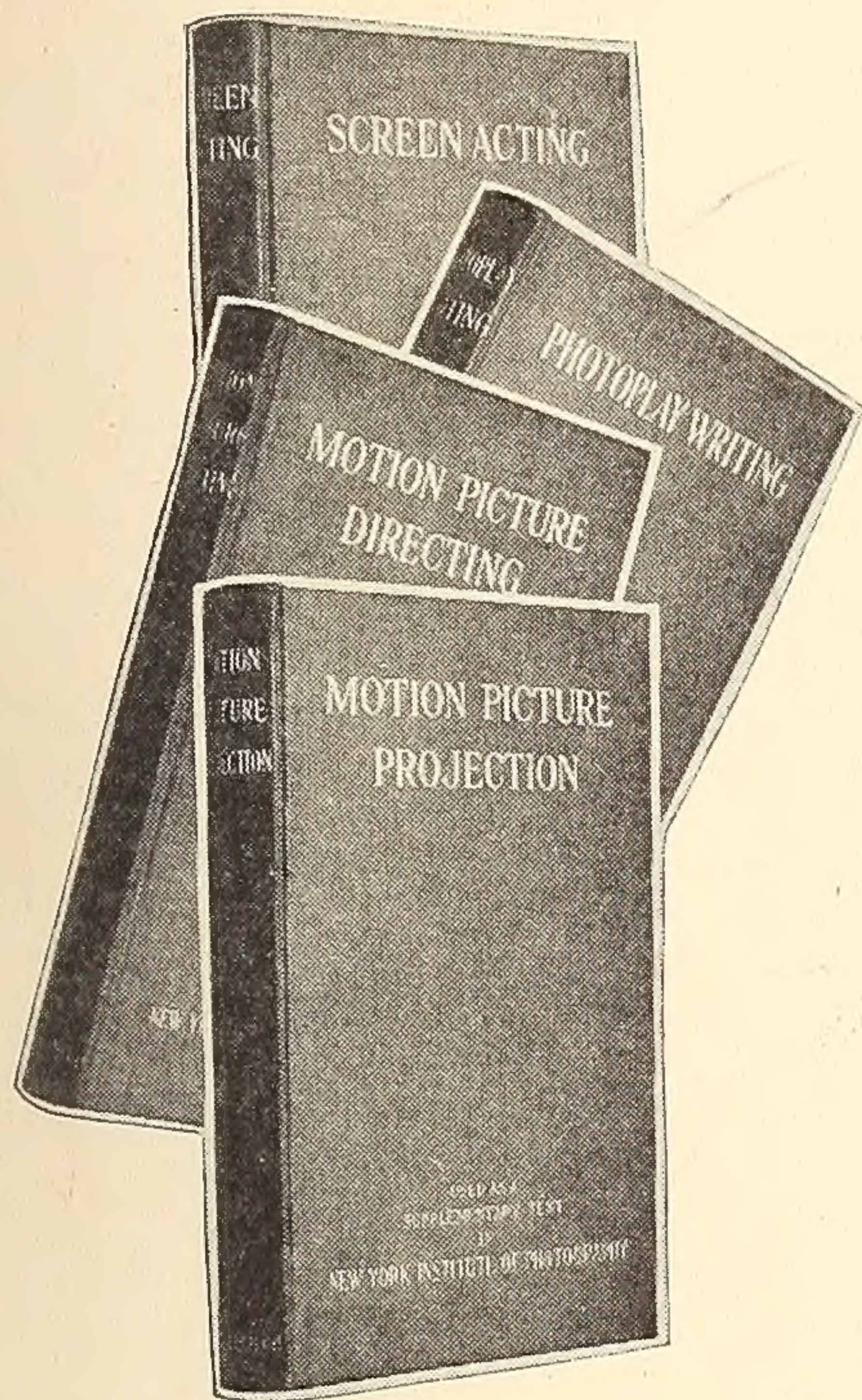


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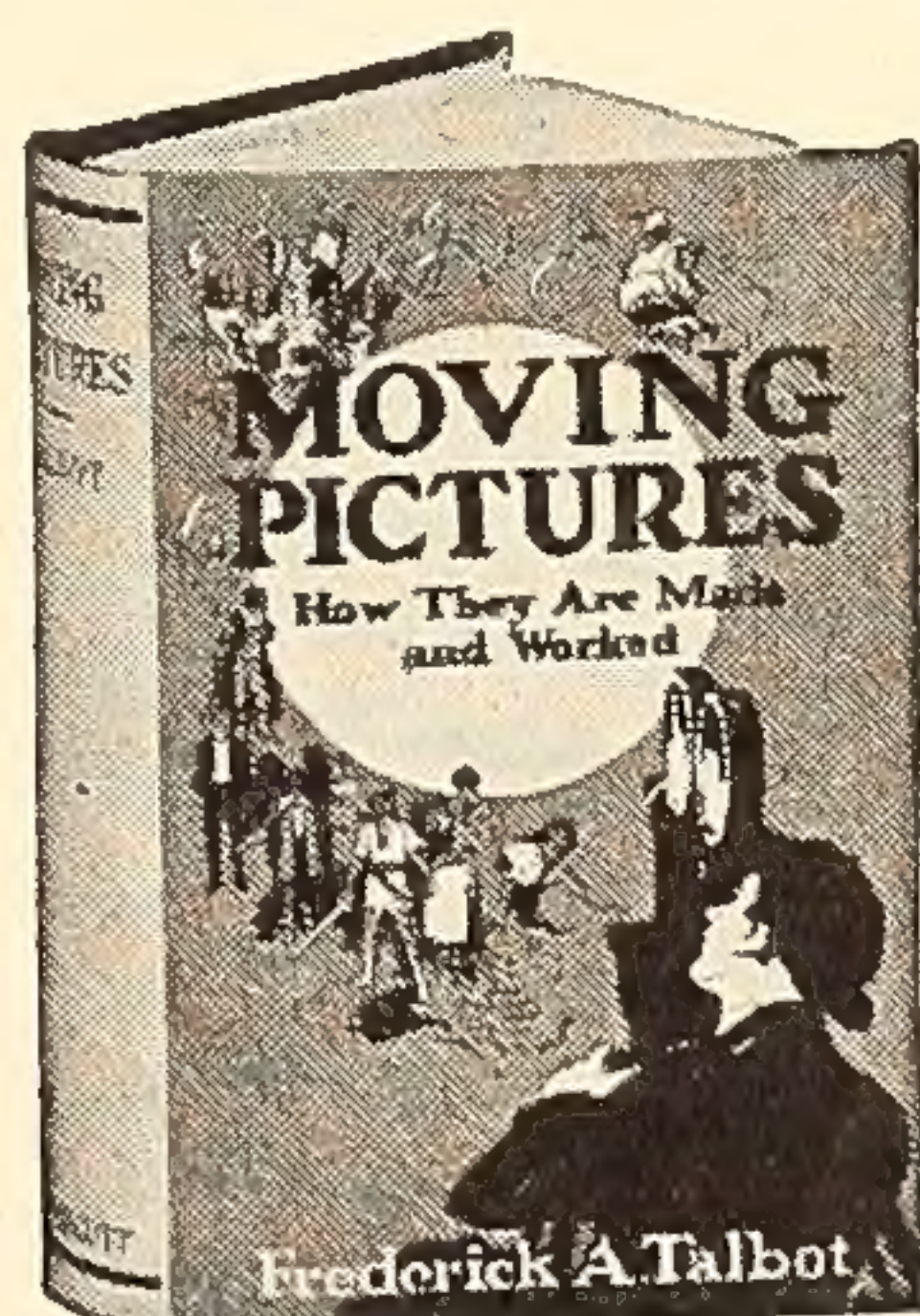
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